

THE ECLECTIC.

I.

THE JUDICIOUS HOOKER.*

RICHARD HOOKER is a name among those which the most cultured English minds pronounce with homage and with awe. He occupies that foremost rank in the gallery of illustrious worthies who hold the niche in which they stand by undoubted and uncontested right; names pronounced more frequently than their works are read. Their writings are the necessary furniture of all noble and well-selected libraries. They stand like choice monuments in a church, or mural monuments in the chief place of the city. Little, perhaps, is known of them; but they are there, and a certain awe creeps over the spirit as their name is mentioned and their effigy seen. This, we believe, is especially the case with Hooker. Of all the great masterpieces of our language, his famous 'Polity' is perhaps least known and read. The hierarchy of his day employed his majestic pen and amazing learning to overwhelm Nonconformity and Nonconformists; and he, in truth, is the only adversary we have ever had who brought to his task the mingled materials of rare eloquence, scholarship, temper, honesty, and truth. It raises the spirits to a higher faith in one's own principles to find engaged against us so illustrious a polemic, and especially when it is seen that he fails to find the true matter in dispute, and therefore never

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- * 1. *The Ecclesiastical Polity, and other Works of Richard Hooker; with his Life by Isaac Walton, and Strype's Interpolations: to which are now first added, the Christian Letter to Mr. Hooker, and Dr. Covel's Just and Temperate Defence in reply to it. Accompanied by an Introduction, a Life of Thomas Cartwright, B.D., and numerous Notes, by Benjamin Hanbury. In Three Volumes. Holdsworth & Ball. 1830.*
2. *The Works of that Learned and Judicious Divine, Mr. Richard Hooker; with an Account of his Life and Death by Isaac Walton. Arranged by the Rev. John Keble, M.A. Third Edition. Three Volumes. Oxford University Press. 1845.*

touches it. We may safely commend the perusal to such writers and speakers as Bardsley, and Clifford, and Venables, and others, whom the Bicentenary year seems to have inoculated with the itch and the venom of a tarantula bite. In the haze of their delirium, decency and truth, and ministerial decorum, swim before their eyes like boats keel uppermost, while their lips—which would willingly be, if they had the power, ‘sharp swords’—are converted into mere foaming machines; for, to quote the words of Hooker, they are ‘men of intolerable stomach.’ Many years since a writer in the *ECLECTIC REVIEW* admirably expressed the character of Hooker’s writings, and we know of no critic who has more ably expressed an estimate of the man and of his method.*

‘In perusing Hooker’s work, however, one is glad to forget alike his politics and his party, his papal and his royal panegyrists, and to surrender one’s self without reserve to the intellectual luxury of converse with so towering a mind. Hooker is the eldest of that tribe of powerful spirits, whose appearance at nearly the same period, forms a golden era in our language; a race of literary giants, whose ponderous weapons are gazed upon with admiration as proofs of the muscular energy of the arm that wielded them, but which in these degenerate times it costs an effort to lift: without a metaphor, what that age produced, it is, in this, esteemed a labour to peruse. The *Ecclesiastical Polity* is a treasury of knowledge, and a well of “pure English undefiled.” The style is, for the time at which it was written, singularly chaste. Although the production of a pedantic age, the extensive learning it displays is untainted with pedantry. What is still more admirable, in an age of coarseness, its Author’s purity of taste never suffered him to descend to a phraseology bordering upon grossness or impropriety.

‘Hooker is neither splendid nor vehement; he never surprises us by any brilliant corruscations of eloquence, or lively sallies of fancy. His fervour is that of the affections, not of passion. A composed and sober gravity, a modest dignity reigns throughout the composition; while there is a grandeur in the very march of his periods, which has upon the imagination the effect of solemn music. Perhaps, one of the most eloquent passages in the work, is the section in which he dwells upon the power of musical harmony; and it contains an expression which might almost be applied to his own composition. “There is,” he says, “a kind of music that draweth to a marvellous grave and sober mediocrity,” meaning a state of the feelings produced by the very harmony of sounds, severed from “ditty or matter.”’

For students for the Nonconformist ministry, a more useful thing we could not conceive than that they should be expected

* *ECLECTIC REVIEW*, vol. xiii. p. 254. 1820.

to give a clear analysis of Hooker, his argument and method. From the chair of our colleges there should be annually a lecture on the 'Ecclesiastical Polity' of Hooker. He should be read, and carefully read. We can conceive nothing more calculated to throw students upon the consideration of first principles of Church government. We can conceive nothing more calculated than such a reading to shiver all hierarchical pretensions. This work is regarded as the fortress of Church of Englandism. Well then, 'mark well her walls, and consider her palaces.' It will be found that they are far from impregnable. On the contrary, it will be found that they lie open to invasion and attack in many directions. We have pointed our readers' attention to the two most valuable editions of Hooker. Keble's volumes will be regarded as the Episcopalian edition, Hanbury's as the Nonconformist. They are both valuable. Mr. Hanbury's is the most comprehensive; and to a reader desirous of surveying the two hemispheres of the argument, it is certainly the most desirable. The library which possesses both will not possess a book too many. Keble's is defaced by much narrowness and bitterness. We shall have occasion to refer to *his* editorship of his great master in the course of our present paper. At present we are only desirous of pointing to the distinctive characteristics of the two editions. We give incomparably the pre-eminence to Mr. Hanbury's. At the same time it must be admitted that Mr. Keble's position and friendships gave him access to many valuable collations, and means of correcting the text from trustworthy manuscripts. The charge he repeats against the Puritans of mutilation of the latter portion of the book is unworthy. It is unsubstantiated; and when the evidence is looked at, it becomes despicable, false, and therefore futile. Keble displays most scholarly knowledge of the references in the book itself. Hanbury shows most knowledge of the state of parties in which the book originated. Hanbury seems to be only anxious to set before the reader the book in its own light and the light of the age. Keble is most anxious that the book should be seen in the light of patristic authority and episcopal usage. We have little interest in commending to readers either one edition or the other. Perhaps as a memorial of Hooker, Keble's is more complete; as a literary document, Hanbury's is most complete and instructive, and necessary to the library. But we are certain that, read in either one edition or the other by an intelligent Nonconformist, Hooker's argument—glorious as are the words in which it is maintained—dissolves in the discriminations of Scripture and common sense, like the ring of old in the cup of wine.

'The Judicious Hooker'—for by this designation he is now as frequently known as by his baptismal name of Richard, famous not only by his great work, but famous also by the pen of Walton, 'Honest Isaac,' whose reputation lives in the affections of anglers, but still more in his book of *Lives*,—

'There are no colours in the fairest sky
So fair as these: the feather whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped from an angel's wing'—

The Judicious Hooker was born at Heavitree, near the city of Exeter. His family was of some importance in the city in the ways of trade. It is quite easy to conceive of him as possessed of a gravity far beyond his years. We shall not attempt to condense the pages of Gauden or Walton; they are probably both, and especially the last, well known. In those days the humbler men were able to claim relationship to prelates. Hooker found his first link in the Church in his relationship with Jewell, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury. Through Bishop Jewell he was introduced to the family of the celebrated Sandys, Archbishop of York, as the tutor of his son, afterwards a distinguished poet and traveller. The two prelates had been exiles together in Germany, and had eaten the bitter bread of adversity in company. The glimpses given to us of Hooker's walkings, and wanderings, and studies, and of the quaint goodness of Jewell, are very graphic, but need not keep us, as they are surely known.

Hooker's life, for such a man, was singularly varied and active, and not long. He was appointed Hebrew Reader in the University of Oxford. This post he occupied for three years. He was then appointed to preach at St. Paul's Cross. His first living was at Draiton Beauchamp, in Buckinghamshire. From this retirement he was made, by patent, Master of the Temple, in the thirty-fourth year of his age. He laid the foundation of his great work in the Temple; but he wrote the greater portion of the first four books at Boscum, six miles from Salisbury. Surrendering Boscum, he became minister of Bishopsborne, about three miles from Canterbury. There, at the age of forty-six, he ended his days; and there the most able and eloquent defender of the English Episcopacy lies in waiting for his joyful resurrection.

The private life of Hooker reveals the defect in his character. That character had little or no power of resistance: he fell prostrate before the things which assailed him. We do not doubt the sublime forces and raptures of his soul, but he had little or no antagonism; he was for the most part a courteous

opponent. The mixture of a little more earth in his nature would unquestionably not have served either the course or the affections of his argument. There is something affectingly ludicrous in the narrative of his married life. Isaac Walton has not very lightly glossed the story of his first visit to 'the Shunamite's House;' so was the house called where the preacher stayed who was appointed from time to time to St. Paul's Cross. To the preacher was given a stipend for his public service, and rest in the Shunamite's House for two days before and one day after the sermon. There arrived, some time in the year 1581, Hooker for this task, on horseback, from the University of Oxford. The distance does not seem considerable; but time and space, in their relation to travel, have greatly altered since those days. It had been a journey of more than two days and a half. The horse was a rough animal. The latter part of the way had been in a drizzling rain. He was but twenty-seven years of age; but the journey had left the preacher apparently in a condition of mind and body not very favourable to the meeting of a large concourse of people at St. Paul's Cross. He spoke—somewhat passionately for him—against a person who had persuaded him against footing it to London, and had yet provided him no better a horse. He was 'of a sweet, serene quietness of nature,' and one of that sort of men women take possession of and compel to submission. His host was a substantial draper in Watling Street, his hostess a managing woman, and she had a daughter; after, therefore, she had tended him with all the varieties of domestic medicine to cure his faintness of soul—with warm beds, possets, drinks, and nursing, by the which he was enabled to get through his service of the Sabbath—she, who had skill in reading character, and who knew the high estimation in which her new guest stood with the Bishop of London and other men high in favour, reminded him that he was of a weak constitution, and that it needed cherishing; that otherwise his usefulness would soon come to an end; that he was revived by the wise aid of a woman after his painful journey; and we can, in fact, conceive the shock of bewilderment which came to the good man when he was told that he needed a wife; and it was, in fact, agreed that she, good Mistress Churchman, should find him a wife, upon which he promised to return to London, and to submit himself to her choice. He did so; and he found himself before long the husband of Joan, Mistress Churchman's daughter, a domineering woman and a shrew; one of whom honest Isaac says, 'She brought him neither beauty nor portion; while for her conditions, they were too much like that wife's which is by

Solomon compared to a perpetual dripping house ; so that the good man had no reason to rejoice in the wife of his youth, but too just cause to say with the holy prophet, "Woe is me that I dwell in Kedar!" The scholars marry in strange fashions. We have seen how Calvin married ; but for Hooker one really feels pity, and some measure of indignation against the destroyers of his peace. A wife, we believe, would never have occurred to him as a necessity, to be either sought or desired : thus was 'the Judicious Hooker' married by the absence of his will. The same patient unconcernedness is seen in all the glimpses we have of his domestic life. He was taken by his marriage from the tranquillity of his college, and became the minister of Draiton Beauchamp. A visit paid to him about twelve months after by his two pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, a collateral descendant of the Archbishop, is very touchingly commemorated by Walton. They found him in the field, tending his small allotment of sheep : his servant had gone home to dine, and to assist his wife to do some necessary household work. When his servant returned and released him, his two pupils attended him to his house ; but the quiet of his company was denied to them, for 'Richard was called to rock the cradle.' We gather from the narrative that their entertainment was not quiet or civil, and contrasted with the pleasant recollections of the days when he was their tutor. The reply of Hooker to Cranmer when he expressed grief that he had no better a parsonage, and not a more comfortable companion in his wife, deserves to be constantly recorded. 'My dear George, if saints have usually a double share of the miseries of this life, I that am none ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me, but labour, as indeed I do daily, to submit mine to his will, and possess my soul in patience and peace.' If the abjectness of the husband seems rather mean, the elevation of the saint is sublime.

Saintly and holy as Hooker undoubtedly was, his life had but little joy, save the joy he drank from unseen springs. He was not popular as a preacher. His controversy with Walter Travers at the Temple, where one was the morning and the other the afternoon preacher, must have been a source of unhappiness to him. Travers represented the Puritan sentiment of the times : Hooker represented the Court, the Prelacy, and the High Church party. It is not possible, we believe, to affix any stigma of discourtesy or unkindness upon Hooker ; but the removal of Travers did not add to his popularity. Such a man was not born for oratory : his voice was low, his stature little, gesture none at all. Walton says, 'His sermons were neither

long nor earnest, but uttered with a grave zeal and a humble voice, his eyes always fixed on one place, to prevent his imagination from wandering, insomuch that he seemed to study as he spake.' This is a very graphic and probable portrait; but such a preacher would scarcely be likely to hold auditors at St. Paul's Cross, or even at the Temple, where, however, many of the noblest in influence and intelligence heard him. It is to be thought that he was in the pulpit, as in the study or in the field, a solemn, and real, and tender-spirited man.

He did not in his life escape scandal; and, in addition to the sorrow of his married life, of all men then on the face of the earth, his sweet and tender nature suffered from women. It is remarkable that such a man should be, as it were, taken possession of and ruined by scheming women. It was so in his marriage: it was still more affectingly so in another instance. For a long time he lay under the burden of a heavy charge. We do not, we confess, admire the cold, the worse than cold, observations of Mr. Hanbury upon the painful affair. The story of Hooker's marriage, and the character of Hooker's mind, are in themselves a sufficient refutation of any actual criminality in Hooker. He was evidently the very man to be ensnared in a plot. He was the last man to be suspected of sin, the first to be suspected of a want of self-possession in a momentary emergency. After suffering long, Sir Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, his constant and most affectionate pupils and friends, brought forth his righteousness as the light and his judgment as the noonday. His gratitude was expressed in words of wonderful sweetness and praise, recorded by Walton, and which, it is to be supposed, were among his private papers.

'They brought him the welcome news, that his accusers did confess they had wronged him, and begged his pardon: to which the good man's reply was to this purpose, "The Lord forgive them;" and, "The Lord bless you for this comfortable news. Now I have a just occasion to say with Solomon, 'Friends are born for the days of adversity,' and such you have proved to me: and to my God I say, as did the mother of St. John Baptist, 'Thus hath the Lord dealt with me, in the day wherein he looked upon me, to take away my reproach among men.' And, O my God, neither my life nor my reputation are safe in mine own keeping, but in thine, who didst take care of me, when I yet hanged upon my mother's breast: blessed are they that put their trust in thee, O Lord; for when false witnesses were risen up against me; when shame was ready to cover my face, when my nights were restless, when my soul thirsted for a deliverance, as the hart panteth after the rivers of waters; then thou, Lord, didst hear my complaints, pity my condition, and art now become my deliverer; and as long as I live I will hold up my hands

in this manner, and magnify thy mercies, who didst not give me over as a prey to mine enemies, the net is broken and they are taken in it. O blessed are they that put their trust in thee; and no prosperity shall make me forget those days of sorrow, or to perform those vows that I have made to thee in the days of my affliction; for with such sacrifices, thou, O God, art well pleased; and I will pay them.”

He died at his vicarage of Borne, near Canterbury. His last hours received the ministrations of one with whom he had lived on terms of the deepest, closest intimacy, Dr. Saravia. Just before his death he appeared to be deep in contemplation, and not inclined to discourse. The Doctor inquired of his present thoughts, to which he replied,—

“ That he was meditating the number and nature of angels, and their blessed obedience and order, without which, peace could not be in heaven; and oh that it might be so on earth!” After which words he said, “ I have lived to see this world is made up of perturbations, and I have been long preparing to leave it, and gathering comfort for the dreadful hour of making my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near; and, though I have by his grace loved him in my youth, and feared him in mine age, and laboured to have a conscience void of offence to him, and to all men; yet, if thou, O Lord, be extreme to mark what I have done amiss, who can abide it? And therefore, where I have failed, Lord show mercy to me, for I plead not my righteousness, but the forgiveness of my unrighteousness, for His merits who died to purchase pardon for penitent sinners; and since I owe thee a death, Lord let it not be terrible, and then take thine own time; I submit to it! Let not mine, O Lord, but let thy will be done!”

And shortly after, with a gentle sigh, he fell asleep, to awake amidst those angels upon whom he had meditated with so much sublime sweetness.

Within four months his wife, Joan Churchman, had married her second husband, and had got herself buried. Yet Hooker speaks of her with affection, and left her the sole executor of his will. The woman herself, lost as much to social decency as to wifely honour, was just as careless of her husband's papers as of his reputation. Through her criminality the last portion of the ‘*Ecclesiastical Polity*’ appears in apocryphal dress, and in many portions has received certainly the touch of another pen than Hooker's. The reasoning of Hooker is not altogether satisfactory to High Church Sacramentarians, especially on the Divine right of bishops; and hence Mr. Keble repeats the surmises of Gauden as to the mutilation by Puritans. He does not hesitate to charge upon the whole body of the Puritans his unworthy suspicion.

Hooker was one of an order of men singularly beautiful to contemplate now. Mingled with their Protestant feelings, they had much of the saintly seclusion of the monk. We sometimes think it almost impossible to produce such men now. In lonely cures of sequestered country villages, the great world could not seduce them from their quiet vicarage; or if it seduced them for a season, it could not detain them. These men lived to tend the temple lamps. They were like those mentioned of old: they might have said—Hooker especially might have said—‘We belong unto the Lord our God, and have not forsaken him and the priests. The sons of Aaron minister unto the Lord every morning and every evening burnt offerings and sweet incense, and the bread is set in order upon the pure table, and the candlestick of gold with the lamps thereof to burn every evening; for we keep the watch of the Lord our God.’ Great is the difference between a man like Whitgift and a man like Hooker; great the difference between a man like Bancroft and a man like Herbert. In all communities are those who desire the Church for the aid it affords to personal piety; while, on the contrary, always there are others who desire a place in it chiefly for the aid it affords to personal ambition. Hooker moved through the fields around his church as a monk through church and cloister. Such men are, in the sacred seclusiveness of soul, scarcely possible now. Modern science has disturbed the deep unity of the scholar’s rest; and when he wakes to his faith, he finds it has put on other hues, and has imposed upon itself other duties, than those which met the narrower walk of those holy schoolmen. He preferred, no doubt, the stillness of his vicarage to any reformatory tendencies of his times. He did not, it may be thought, see so clearly as he expressed himself copiously. He was not at all a man of action, but of golden contemplation; a seraphic nature, standing and waiting with folded wings, ‘excelling and hearkening’ rather than doing. The towers of the celestial city rose before him, suffused in the rays of his own contemplative spirit. Passion seems to have had no place in his nature; and it is most probable that he was a most admirable, a seraphic, but scarcely a lovable man. Probably a priestly man of warm imagination and devotion, but somewhat chill in human affections. His last words seem to present the key to his character: the converse of angels, and sorrow over the perturbations of earth, were ever the pursuits of his soul.

Of all writers in these last days, Richard Hooker most reminds readers of ‘the man who talks’ in the Apocalypse with John, and ‘to whom was given a reed to measure the temple, and the gates thereof, and the walls thereof;’ or ‘the man’ in Zechariah

‘with a measuring line in his hand, going forth to measure Jerusalem, to see what is the length thereof, and what is the breadth thereof.’ But a consideration of the book suggests widely different thoughts. The measuring line in the hand of Hooker at last turns out to be a magistrate’s statute-book, and the reed a constable’s staff. He too frequently confounds the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus with the law of the sword. He does not in the later portions of his book command our veneration in an equal degree with the earlier, because he does not see truth by its own light. No writer with so much learning was ever more free from the pedantry or the parade of learning ; but it must be said that the references to the Fathers are multitudinous, and the references to the sacred Scriptures are few. His book, it strikes us, is like one of those magnificent dreams the Mores, Bacons, and Harringtons have been fond of putting forth. It is a sort of spiritual ‘Atlantis’ or ‘Oceania.’ Reading with all our admiration, we cannot but feel that the Blackstone of the Church had been better employed in defending the shrine of truth than in decorating the façade or the cloister. In order to estimate aright the character of the ‘Ecclesiastical Polity,’ we must review the age in which it was written. In its Church relations, England had just declared herself free from Rome, and was battling the cause of civil liberty and ecclesiastical order with great difficulty. We are far from thinking that all the Nonconformists of that day were wise and temperate. Nor dare we say that all the ministers of the Church of England were intolerant. It was a period of strange and violent action. It was necessary to adjust the question with Rome in the minds of the people. It was necessary to adjust those props of social life, State and Church, civil and ecclesiastical government, secular and spiritual power. It was necessary to make a new counterpoise of both. It was a difficult problem, doubtless, a problem scarcely to be solved without some compromise on one side or the other. The State *was* compromised ; and the Church of England, by the adjustment of that day, has been in a thousand ways an intolerable burden to all the people alike within and without its polity to this hour. It is *that thing we call the Establishment* of which we speak—not Episcopacy, not the Prayer Book, not any peculiarity of it as a sect—that plethoric and gargantuan thing, the Establishment ; that, which, on the showing of Hooker, is not religious at all, but political. Thus the chief value of a work like that of Hooker’s would be the maintenance of a proper nationality in opposition to the Papacy. He fixed the right of Government far enough from the vagaries of Filmer, and gave it not only a popular sanction but a popular

origin ; but he left religion in the hands of Government, and called upon the people to obey the priest as they obeyed the magistrate. His essay is therefore more civil than religious. It is a religious book, but without much reference to the fountain of religious knowledge, the New Testament. He bound religion to the duties of Government ; and, most remarkably, while he proclaimed man's civil freedom, he proclaimed man's spiritual enslavement. We constantly marvel that while the institution of the Church is the topic of Hooker's book, the New Testament is scarcely ever referred to.

We cordially dislike the man Whitgift, Queen Elizabeth's 'little black husband,' as she was fond of calling him—'my little black husband'—her thoughts were always running on things of that sort.

There is a mean, stealthy, crafty, inquisitorial, and Dominican cunning about all that prelate's looks. He is a cat among the bishops, cunning and cruel. He introduced into the Church of England all the bloody businesses of the Church of Rome. In his day conscience was hunted to fen and wilderness, and gallowses rose, and prisons were full. If we apologise for him, there is not a foul persecutor of any age who does not deserve eulogy. Whitgift inspired the 'Ecclesiastical Polity ;' it was compiled and prepared especially beneath his supervision and direction ; and it would seem that the docility of Hooker yielded too much to the Archbishop. That man was the evil genius of Elizabeth : her policy in the State was as bold and magnanimous as her policy in the Church was mean and miserable. The Church of England is much more in our day the result of the wretched bigotry, the narrow sectarian bitterness, of Whitgift, than of the mind of Latimer, or Ridley, or Cranmer.

Even that intolerant old man Lord Eldon could say, 'If the Establishment wanted any merit it might be that it was not sufficiently tolerant ;' and Lord King, in his life of John Locke, has said, 'As for toleration, or any true notion of religious liberty, or any general freedom of conscience, we owe them not in the least degree to what is called the Church of England ;' and that it is so, we owe in a very considerable degree to 'the black husband' of Elizabeth. Walton calls him, in eulogy, the Jehoida of his day ! And the epithet and characterization is especially good. Whitgift was the Jehoida of his times ; for 'the high places were not taken away, the people still sacrificed, and burnt incense in the high places.' Jehoida seems to have been responsible for that. The restoration of Israel from Baal was only partial ; and Whitgift was responsible for *the partial* reformation of the Church from Papal heresies. To him we owe the main-

tenance of apostolical succession, and baptismal regeneration, and the consecration of places, and rights and usages which stamp on the Church of the nineteenth century the superstitions of the middle ages, without their mystery or their meaning, and therefore without their power.

To Whitgift it is mainly owing that the Church of England has effected so little. Universities, churches, parishes, were made for it. It has, in fact, in proportion to its responsibilities, done nothing. Until very recently it existed for its selfishness alone. We look at Rome, on the contrary: how complete. Church of Englandism has no magnanimity, no comprehensiveness: its whole system is an irresponsible patchwork of unrelated pieces, an irresponsible coherence of unrelated links. To Whitgift it was owing that the Church of England for ages was rather a log upon the nation than a life in it.

Yet Whitgift was the author, perhaps, of more vital godliness in the country than any other mortal. What would have been the state of the land had Grindal succeeded in establishing a more tolerant discipline. The piety of the land might have been utterly reduced to a low flat level of hollow heartless servitude. Even Hume declares that 'the precious spark of liberty had been kindled, and was preserved by the Puritans alone, and that to this sect the English owe the whole of their Constitution.' 'The tree of liberty, sober and legitimate liberty, civil and religious, under the shadow of which we in the Establishment, as well as others, repose in peace, and the fruit of which we gather, was planted by the Puritans, and watered, if not by their blood, at least by their tears. Yet it is the modern fashion to feed delightfully on the fruit, and then revile if not curse those who planted and watered the tree.' By-and-by, the emotions and sentiments Whitgift sought to crush, and did succeed in repressing, broke forth, and claimed a place and became a power in the nation. The Act of Uniformity, indeed, which at first was Whitgift's, is with us to this day; but those more fearful enactments by which he attempted to enslave all free minds, and to harness all Englishmen to the tippet and petticoat of the priest, these have perished by the very means he took to preserve them.

But it must be admitted that sound ideas with reference to persecution are of a very modern date. In the age of Hooker and Whitgift it was not persecution that was regarded as wrong, it was only the persecution of truth which was wrong; but, in the words of Mr. Campbell, of Row, 'It was not the use of power on the part of the Church of Rome to enforce conformity that the Reformers complained, but of that use to enforce conformity to error. He who is tolerant because he

dare not interfere with what is God's province, is tolerant on the highest ground, and his toleration will not fail.' And we believe that Hooker was before his age, as Bancroft and Whitgift dragged the age back from its advance to a more wise and liberal policy of thought. Every sect, therefore, claimed the right to persecute when it ascended to power, for every sect boasted of its possession of the truth. Hooker has never defended persecution: on the contrary, he has in no page reprobated and condemned it. He does indeed speak of 'a most mercifully tempered severity' as having been exercised upon the Puritan party in his day. That most mercifully tempered severity was the execution upon the gallows of Barrow and Penry, the deaths of others like them in prison. Yet they were all 'brothers, for whom Christ died;' but they did not believe in the Divine power of bishops: upon these shameful transactions, Mr. Keble does not pronounce one word of condemnation, and we are afraid that he would have little objection to such enormities of persecution. The claim put forward by Bancroft, Chaplain to the Lord-Chancellor Hatton, and subsequently Archbishop of Canterbury, was bold and audacious in the extreme. No claim put forward for the Divine power of the Papacy was ever more audacious. He asserted to the audience at St. Paul's Cross that bishops governed the Church and the inferior clergy, *jure Divino*, by a right inherent in their office and derived from God alone! Probably few of our readers have read that famous and delectable sermon in which he cast all reasoning with the Puritan party to the winds, and called for the magistrate. 'He is but of a mean conceit among the Puritans who will stick to say, indeed, All the Fathers are of this opinion, but I am of another judgment. Were it not more agreeable to justice *that the mouth of such a man should by punishments be stopped than by reasons repelled*?'! What can be sufficient in homage and tenderness to the memory of those men who resisted, to imprisonment and even to death, a doctrine which would have reduced the great and rising people of this country to the mean dimensions of the Papacy? Thus, we say, rightly to understand the work of Hooker, it is necessary to group together all the leaders of the religious parties of the time especially. The eye should rest on Thomas Cartwright, for to him and to his teaching the Church of England owes the 'Ecclesiastical Polity.' Mr. Keble dismisses him very summarily with the observation, that 'his reasoning was inconclusive and his learning unsubstantial.' Yet he admits that he appeared to maintain his ground against Whitgift. The truth is, he was one of the most vast and able scholars

of his time. Beza, writing of him, said, 'Here is now, with us, your countryman Thomas Cartwright, than whom I think the sun doth not see a more learned man.' And Polyander said of him, 'If any one can be ranked with Calvin, Beza, Mercer, and Junius, it is Thomas Cartwright;' but the narrowness of the sectary dwarfs every judgment Mr. Keble pronounces upon men who differ from him. Finding it a hopeless task to attempt himself to defeat Cartwright, Whitgift was glad when there appeared to his aid such a champion as Hooker; but magnificent as the book is, it avoids the whole matter in dispute. He does not lay the foundations of his book. He says, indeed, 'No science doth make known the first principles whereon it buildeth; but they are always taken as plain and manifesting themselves, or as proved and granted already, some former knowledge having made them evident.' This is true; but when it is assumed, as it is, that the Established Church is coincident with other political institutions, and that all born within its confines or baptized into it are bound to submit to its ecclesiastical laws under such penalties as the Church in its wisdom shall direct, for he says:—

'Wherefore to end this point, I conclude: First, that under dominions of infidels, the Church of Christ, and their commonwealth, were two societies independent. Secondly, that in those commonwealths where the bishop of Rome beareth sway, one society is both the Church and the commonwealth; but the bishop of Rome doth divide the body into two diverse bodies, and doth not suffer the Church to depend upon the power of any civil prince or potentate. Thirdly, that within this realm of England the case is neither as in the one, nor as in the other of the former two: but from the state of pagans we differ, in that *with us one society is both the Church and commonwealth, which with them it was not*; as also from the state of those nations which subject themselves to the bishop of Rome, in that our Church hath dependency upon the chief in our commonwealth, which it hath not under him. In a word, our estate is according to the pattern of God's own ancient elect people, which people was not part of them the commonwealth, and part of them the Church of God, but the selfsame people whole and entire were both under one chief Governor, on whose supreme authority they did all depend.'

There are some who would regard such a view as not short of shocking nor less than ludicrous. Thus there is little of the Church 'arrayed in fine linen, pure and white.' What a mosaic of mud and malachite the Church becomes. But it must be remembered that this is really Church of Englandism; not less of Mr. Maurice and Mr. Lewellyn Davis than of the Bickersteths and Wilsons, and not less of Mr. Keble and the

Wilberforces than of Hooker. How naughty and narrow to dissent from so broad and universal a Church! The argument of Hooker strikes at the root of human reason and thought. Born in Rome we must be Papists, in Prussia Lutherans, in Scotland Presbyterians, in England Prelatists. And herein is a resemblance we might point out between Hobbes and Hooker: both remove individual conscience and the guardianship of sacred Scripture from religion. Hooker's argument stands neither on human nature nor the Bible.

Laws and expediences differ; and herein is surely a great defect and oversight in Hooker's argument. He confounds polity and law. There is some difference between the tariff of custom-house dues and the Decalogue; yet the argument of Hooker places both upon the same platform. The tariff of trade may change every year, must change often as man changes: the authority of the Decalogue is perpetual. Taxes may be imposed on certain articles of manufactures or produce; but no law can ever abrogate the command, Thou shalt do no murder, Thou shalt not commit adultery. Now, the treatise of Hooker, stately as it is, and especially the fifth book, is a sort of exposition of religious tariffs and custom dues, which customs and dues are of eternal obligation, like the laws of the universe or the obligations of the moral law! That sophism about the unity of the Church is to a spiritual mind one of amazing shallowness. Must all nations have the same laws, irrespective of the circumstances of race and region? Is all food alike best for every body? Then there may be in the one Church uniformity of worship, when in all houses is uniformity of architecture, and on all tables uniformity of food? Why not a Sumpuary law, with its forty stripes save one? He has no perception that there are changes made by time, and race, and advancing intelligence. Caps and tippets, rochet and bands, all that the Church has ever used or known, the Church is to retain and use still. Ancient usage is the argument for modern authority. It was said of the Rabbis Maimonides and Albo, 'Although one loosens and the other binds, they are both teaching the word of the living God in all things.' Hooker binds to authority; but he does so for the most part in such a manner as to loosen all the sanctions of the higher authority of conscience.

We may startle many of our readers probably when we avow our belief that the conclusions of Hooker do not materially differ for the purpose he had in view from the conclusions of Hobbes. Hobbes deems it advisable for the public good that everything, even men's opinions, should be under the superintendence of civil authority. Hooker makes the ecclesiastical

polity to be a part of civil and social polity : they both minister to absolutism and despotism. Hooker we can well conceive to have been a man whom the absence of civil freedom, or any freedom, could not very well terrify. His soul dwelt in its own ease and place of peace, resting in the conclusions of its own visions and the majesty of its own assurance. Hobbes and Hooker differ as to the fountain of civil power ; and the disciples of Locke rather than High Church statesmen have claimed Hooker for theirs ; but the Church being a part of the State, and an enactment of civil polity, all the acts of the Church are a despotism ; they are settled by the sanctions of law ; and the actions of the Church are no more the result of a living and vital spirituality of Christian character than the dress of a policeman, the blow of a constable's staff, or the fines of a police-office.

Moral freedom is the want of the book. We would not dare to impeach the proper freedom of the author's soul ; but he was one of those whom Wordsworth has described :—

‘ Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room,
And hermits are contented with their cells :
In truth, the prison into which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is.’

Hooker shut himself in Church usages as in a hermitage ; but it was marvellous that his hermitage and grotto had to receive the sanction of law. The poet continues to speak of

‘ Some souls
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty.’

We do not doubt that he was one ; but it is grievous, therefore, to turn the Church into an aviary. An aviary ! it was often merely an apiary.

It is perplexing to know how Hooker can well be called ‘the Judicious ;’ and assuredly the justice of that epithet is often limited to the style and diction of his works. His words have a very choice and admirable propriety ; and in his first book there is a sober majesty, the movement of a most noble spirit, which may well justify the term ; but referring especially to the fifth book, the longest and most elaborate, and that which is most connected with the great and immediate object of the whole work, certainly the whole symbolism of the Church of Rome is not less judicious. It is a wonderful piece of special pleading for the whole pictorial hagioscope of the most papistical Papistry. Let whosoever will find in the work of Hooker the polity of their Church, yet they must know that there is no extravagant and unseemly ceremony which may not be defended from it. We have a defence for the change of

ministerial attire ; for change of gesture and change of place in the order of Divine service ; for the iteration and reiteration of the Lord's Prayer. We have apologies for processions and rogations, and for the use of the cross, and for crossing in the course of service ; for imposition of hands. We have a declaration of the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist, while it is regarded not as a service, but as a sacrifice, to which the communicant should not sit, but kneel ; and feasts, and fasts, and festivals all find an advocate in Hooker. The Eucharist, too, makes the minister by endowing him with its indelible power ; and we have the defence of tithes and of titles in the Church. In fact, it would seem that there is little of that 'judicious' exercise of a calm and all-surveying judgment we should expect from such a man. He rather surveyed the building before him, and became a spiritual optimist, and elaborated his proof for the authority and commodiousness of the architecture. Hooker's argument was as reasonable as a man's would have been who cited the mediæval or even the earlier ages, to prove that the castellated Norman structure was the best adapted for all the purposes of domestic architecture, or the monastery for the dwelling-house. The question of the builder turns upon comfort and convenience, upon the change of the times, and a thousand such considerations. Nay, says the architect, what have comfort or convenience to do with the matter ? Architecture is a science, growing out of eternal and immutable law ; 'Law has her seat in the bosom of God ;' therefore you shall build with turrets, and moats, and manchicolations, and you shall have drawbridges, and donjon keeps, and large fireplaces ; or if not this, then you shall have monastic cells, and chapels, and cloisters, and chapter-house, and sidelia, refectory, and scriptorium. This is the polity of the building. Vain altogether the protest that times have changed ; these are the ancient usages, and you must have them. This is the only architecture permissible by the laws of God, for architecture is no matter of human shifting expediency ; it arises from the 'mystical views of the external world.' Indeed, the whole course of the argument of 'the Judicious Hooker' seems to us singularly injudicious.

Consider, would such a devotee to architectural symbolism say—mark the sculpture on the gates ; note how many signals there are which point out the true faith : consider what religious and tender thought has determined the form of structure, so that by it men are invited by the material edifice to pursue investigations with ideas of which it is the monumental expression. Consider, under the Old Testament the entrance of the temple was from east to west, to signify that all before

the passion of Christ tended to the setting, that is, to death ; but that now it is from west to east, to figure our ascent to glory. The west signifies darkness and ignorance ; the centre of the west portal, therefore, admits of nothing inferior to Christ, who is represented on it, the monumental expression of the great supreme doctrine to be taught to those who come from ignorance to him who is the Way, and the Truth, and the Life. The north is the region of ice and storms, of the hardened heart, and the fury of the passions ; therefore on the north portal the old architects represented the last judgment, or the wheel of fortune : hence the portal to the north from which St. Augustine sees the prodigal son returning to his paternal roof, is consecrated to Mary ; and hence in old churches baptismal fonts are placed at the north-west corner. Look overhead ; see the grotesque monsters and personifications represented on aerial galleries, teaching that the legions of the enemy of human salvation are soaring over the heads of the faithful to lead from the right way, and from them is no shelter but in the Church. We might follow this sort of symbolism into infinite particulars, into every detail of ecclesiastical manners. Hooker fights for the surplice and change of attire. Why not ? Nay, carry forward the apology : how beautiful the elaboration of Innocent III. That linen, which by dint of bleaching acquires the whiteness it has not from nature, signifies that the flesh of man, macerated by many castigations, obtains by grace the purity which it obtains not from nature ; that stole, signifying wisdom or patience ; those wide dalmatics, which signify the breadth of generosity and hospitality ; that broad chasuble, signifying the wideness of that charity which is extended to enemies ; those gloves of the bishop, to signify *ut nesciat, sinistra sua, quid faciat dextra sua* ! that mitre, signifying by its two points the science of both Testaments ; those four purple crosses, worn by the Pontiff, to signify the four virtues of policy, justice, fortitude, prudence, and temperance, which unless purpled by the blood of Christ, in vain usurp the name of virtue, and lead not to the true glory of beatitude. ‘Here be mysteries !’ indeed it may be said, that the very term Judicious is given to Hooker because he stopped short of all these. By what right did he stop short ? He appeals to antiquity to justify the minor observances ; antiquity through the voice of the mother Church of Rome will do more than justify the minor, it will impose the observance of all ; and those which Milton calls deformed and fantastic dresses, gewgaws fetched from Aaron’s wardrobe and the flamins’ vestry, become divine. If Hooker’s reasoning is correct, wherein is Rome wrong ? He claims for the Church

of England an authority and right which, on the same premises, cannot be denied to the Church of Rome ; for the Church of Rome had the same authority before the Church of England. She is, as has been said, the elder and the mother, and ought to have been obeyed. That which we call Reformation is, by the reasoning of Hooker, Rebellion. No wonder that James I. found it confirm his conversion to Rome ; that Pope Clement VIII. warmly commended it ; and those who read it believingly, follow its reasonings to their conclusions, and return to Rome. It is a conciliation of the ecclesiastical usages of the Papacy ; and it would be difficult to find what celestial vestiges and sacred relics do not meet their apologist in him. Grant him his positions, and then we have all the divine mysteries of chalices, candelabra, thuribles, vases for the sacred oils, the cruets, the shrines and reliquaries of holy bodies, the crosses, missals, and gilded crosiers, and crossed arms, and cowls, and the fantastic furniture of windows. Where shall we halt ? for when we close the fifth book of the 'Polity,' we are upon the way to all that mysticism which steepes the soul in the bewildering intoxication of its redolent perfumes and smokes of incense, the silver lamps shining through lengthened distances, and winking lights, unreal, fantastic, and inconceivable. There is no place for human freedom ; there is no niche for private prayer. Souls must never soar alone ; the 'Polity' provides for all. All becomes unsafe when man is left within himself. There is no possibility of a sacrament between the lonely soul and God : man must follow in the procession of the priest, or not worship at all.

The Romish Church has a tradition which has Romanism in every syllable, but it might have taught Hooker a lesson somewhat correcting his severe sacramentarian formalism. There was, said the tradition, a certain pious matron, who used always to pray devoutly in the corner of a certain cathedral, moistening the pavement with her tears. The bishop, a holy man, remarked a dove collecting those tears, and he called her, and asked her what she used to pray, and she replied, The Paternoster, Ave Maria, and Credo. How happy, then, you would be if you knew the Psalter, said the bishop ; which, when she had learnt, and begun to repeat, the bishop no longer saw either the tears or the dove. So the bishop took away the Psalter, she resumed her former prayers, and the ancient devotion of her heart, and its effects, returned. Yet many persons, Mr. Keble among the number, would limit the tears and the dove to the use of the Prayer Book.

Thus Hooker defends feeling by machinery, and religious experience by proxy. He speaks of it as an 'impudent thing for

any man to have a contrary opinion of any scripture to that held by the Church. With 'the Judicious Hooker' holiness of life is no mark of the visible Church, but an attendance on sacraments is a mark. 'Entered we are not into the visible Church before our admittance by the door of baptism.' He obviously enough insists upon the one baptism, that of priestly water, as the mark of grace. 'Christians by external profession they are all whose mark of recognisance hath in it those things which we have mentioned ; yea, although they be impious idolators, wicked heretics, persons excommunicable, yea, and cast out for notorious improbity.'!! The business of our author never seems to be to reconcile his polity with the New Testament. 'The Judicious Hooker' is also frequently just as independent of the laws of common sense. His polity is that of a national Church, and he is consistent with the main intention of the book. It was a polity, we do very plainly perceive, not spiritual, but ecclesiastical, widely removed we perceive it to be from the visions of Ezekiel and Zechariah, and 'Jerusalem the Golden.' He speaks of 'the unbuilted conclusions' of the Puritans, but he who reads attentively the 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' will find no lack of these ; and as the building rises before the reader's eye, it rises like the building of some elaborate but fabulous structure : a vast pile in which the gorgeousness of the gold, and the malachite, and the marble, do but bring into greater conspicuousness the frequent layers of rude brick and straw, and even the buttresses of mud. Like the Papacy, it has the wood, and hay, and stubble ; nor will we deny that there gleam from these the gold, silver, and precious stones, but these are not in the foundation. We express our convictions with every reverence for Hooker himself, his saintly and holy life, and for all that is pure in his work, when we must avow our conviction that the holy city he sought to rear and did rear in his pages, is not founded on New Testament principles, and therefore is built and based on clay.

For the question is not how far any body of religious folk may use pictorial resemblances for the purpose of the sacred impression upon the mind and heart of religious things. Speaking for ourselves, we can say that such pictorial resemblances and appeals to the senses disgust rather than charm. We have stood in foreign churches, and our hearts have been stirred within us by the indecency of such sensuous and unspiritual things ; but let it be that those who choose have a right to surround themselves with the glaring gewgaws. Is God only to be worshipped so ? Granted that there are those who ever will demand, from the sensuousness of their nature, an elaborate

symbolism, a profuse upholstery, and millinery, and haberdashery in temple furniture and priestly performance ; but because such bow ever before the shew-bread, is there to be no admission to partake of hidden manna? No! Hooker proclaims symbolism by law. We thoroughly believe Mr. Keble when he says that he 'shrunk from the legitimate result of his own premises.' Could he have entered, we do not doubt that he did enter, into those sublime worlds in which the spirits of Howe, and Jonathan Edwards, and Baxter, and Watts entered, and could he have known that the lofty emotionalism, and sublime rapture, and elevated thoughts and pictures their spirits felt, and knew, and saw, were felt, and known, and seen by whole populations? We believe that he would rather have realized that modern description of England given by a Popish writer—a land of hushed bells, unlighted altars, and unstoled priests—rather this, than have removed the interdict of Scripture, reason, and common sense, and given it to the fond mummeries of a play-acting hierarchy.

But, in addition to this, no doubt the work of Hooker abounds in sacramentarian notions. In Mr. Keble he has found an editor quite disposed to push these notions to their utmost, extreme as they are in themselves, opposed to every teaching of Scripture and of common sense. One shocking doctrine is incontestibly maintained in the 'Polity,' 'that there may be sometimes very just and sufficient reason to allow ordination without a bishop.' This Mr. Keble cites as 'one illustration of the low accommodating notions concerning the Church which then prevailed, and may serve to heighten our sense of the imminent risk which we were in of losing the succession.' We will quote Mr. Keble's words here:—

'At the same time it is undeniable, that here and in many other passages we may discern a marked distinction between that which now perhaps we may venture to call the school of Hooker, and that of Laud, Hammond, and Leslie, in the two next generations. He, as well as they, regarded the order of bishops as being immediately and properly of Divine right; he as well as they laid down principles, which strictly followed up would make this claim exclusive. But he, in common with most of his contemporaries, shrunk from the legitimate result of his own premises, the rather, as the fulness of apostolical authority on this point had never come within his cognizance; whereas the next generation of divines entered on the subject, as was before observed, fresh from the discovery of the genuine remains of St. Ignatius. He did not feel at liberty to press unreservedly, and develope in all its consequences, that part of the argument, which they, taught by the primitive Church, regarded as the most vital and decisive: *the necessity, namely, of the apostolical commission to the derivation of sacramental grace, and to our mystical communion with Christ.*'

If this were not ludicrous, would it not be dreadful, would it not be shocking? Was ever the fanaticism of covenanter, or quaker, or flagellant of the middle ages, wilder than this? If it were not outrageously ludicrous, would it not be shocking that the grace of God should only be dispensed through such episcopal hands, for instance, as those of the reigns of the First and Second Georges? Is it not horrible? And from such a declaration will it not follow that all whose baptism has not been sealed—all who have not received the anointing of the Spirit through the tips of episcopal fingers—are in the world of 'the lost.' These, then, are they 'from whom the Gospel is hid.' This is sacramentarianism. Mr. Keble is very ready with the appellation of heretic in his preface for those who differ from him and his Church. We shall not hesitate to denominate this doctrine of his, and of his Church, as a most appalling and unscriptural heresy—to limit the power of the Saviour's blood to the touch of such fingers as those of Whitgift, and Bancroft, and Hoadly, and Laud, and Warburton, not to mention the race of those positively impure and unclean. Detestable doctrine! Mr. Keble's 'Christian Year' is very dear to us. Frequently on Sabbath days, in our congregation, we sing his sweet and holy verses with those of Watts and Wesley; we bless the teaching of the Holy Spirit which enables us 'to do it; we adore the goodness which has put 'our feet in a large room;' but such a doctrine might well go far to make heretics and atheists. Nor could it be held by any other than a mind so fast bound and enslaved by Church traditions and ecclesiastical prejudices, and so accustomed to sombre the bright views of even truth itself, that all the milk of humanity in the blood had turned to vinegar and to gall.

Hooker did not reach this length, and all Mr. Keble's sophistry cannot find the doctrine of apostolical succession in the Ecclesiastical Polity; on the contrary, there are some passages which have upon them the marks of large liberality of sentiment. In the fourth book he says:—

'For neither is it any man's duty to clothe all his children or all his servants with one weed, nor theirs to clothe themselves so, if it were left to their own judgments, as these ceremonies are left of God to the judgment of the Church. And seeing churches are rather in this case like divers families than like divers servants of one family; because every church, the state whereof is independent upon any other, hath authority to appoint orders for itself in things indifferent: therefore of the two we may rather infer, that as one family is not abridged of liberty to be clothed in friar's-grey for that another doth wear clay-colour, so neither are all churches bound to the selfsame indifferent ceremonies which it liketh sundry to use.'

But it appears certain that in the course of the composition of his work he receded further and still further from the Scriptures and the reformers, and advanced nearer and nearer to the fathers, and to the wishes of Whitgift. Mr. Keble, indeed, strains Hooker's views and expressions to their utmost latitude of meaning; but to him, no doubt, ecclesiastical order was sacramental order, and sacramental order was sacramental efficacy. It is easy to perceive so considerable a change in the mind of the writer in the course of the composition of the book, that the first and the fifth *might* be supposed to proceed from different pens. In the first pages his mind and thought were considerably beneath the influence of the mind of Calvin, and the discipline of Geneva.

What are the sacraments? What is heresy? The mind becomes dazed and confused in attempting to conceive the method of the transfusion of sacramental grace. Hooker, Keble says, 'hesitates not to teach, with the old Christian writers, that baptism is the only ordinary mean of regeneration, the Eucharist the only ordinary mean whereby Christ's body and blood can be taken and received;' but Hooker says, 'The Church of Rome doth take occasion to blaspheme, and to say, our religion is not able to stand of itself unless it lean upon the staff of their ceremonies;' but if this is blasphemy in the Church of Rome, is it not also blasphemy in the Church of England? What is heresy? Mr. Keble tilts the term heresy about very flippantly. We feel that there is something shocking in charging flippancy upon such a man; but what a stone cell of prejudice must that spirit be immured in, which can charge upon *the denial of the superhumanity of a bishop* the crime of *heresy*! It is amazing. On the contrary, grant it, and who shall dare to resist the claims, and titles, and assumptions, and impudencies, and arrogances, and blasphemies of the Pope. This is heresy! What do you kill me for? might poor Penry or Barrow say. What for? Why don't you live in on the other side of the wall? If you were on this side of the wall I should be a murderer, and it would be wrong to kill you in this manner; but you dwell on the other side of the wall, and therefore you are a heretic; and as I am on this side, I must be right. Can anything be more ridiculous? But this is the position of Church of Englandism as much to-day as in Whitgift's day: it is pure and apostolical, and we are heretics. Alas! 'To doubt the apostolical succession of our bishops,' says Mr. Keble, 'this is heresy.' 'To doubt this Divine right of bishops is a loose and irreverent notion,' says Mr. Keble, quoting Bishop Bilson. With admiration, and italicising the words, he says, 'There must either be no Church, or these

must remain, for without these no Church can continue.' Does it not seem incredible that such transcendent folly should be believed and taught in our day? Does it not seem incredible that the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ, redeemed with his most precious blood and sanctified by his Spirit, should depend upon the nod of a prime minister? To doubt this is heresy. Yes, a man may be a heretic, and not know it, poor fellow; for Church of Englandism is a very elaborate affair. See this 'Polity;' what a costly architectural and esthetical formulary it is. Granted there is a good deal of simplicity in it, if you believe very much, if you desire the very quintessence of the thing, you may have it. To Rabbi Hillel the Elder, who lived before the destruction of the second Temple, went once a pagan, who said, 'Rabbi, wilt thou teach me the whole law while I am standing on one leg?' He had gone before, in the same reverent spirit, to the Rabbi Samai, who had dismissed him with contempt; but Rabbi Hillel, celebrated for his imperturbable temper, and his mildness, said, 'Son, love thy neighbour as thyself: this is the text of the law; all the rest is commentary. Now, go thy ways and study.' If Mr. Keble were put to the same irreverent test, he would say, if he is a Hillel and not a Samai, of which we are not at all aware, 'Believe in baptism and in bishops: all the rest is commentary.' If Nonconformists were submitted to the same test, they would answer—let us pity their ignorance—'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' The fault we find with the systems of Hooker and Keble is, that all texts are lost in the commentary, and that commentary who can understand? A man may comprehend the labyrinths of statesmanship who finds it impossible to thread his way through the mysteries and crypts of sacramental graces.

But we must not forget that Hooker lived in a day when Sacramentarianism had, perhaps, a different place in the Church to that which it holds at present. The Church was, to serious minds, more than now, the great fountain and measure of inspiration. Herbert lived in sacraments, and so no doubt did Hooker; but what are they? May not a hallowed life be lived without a priest? nay, may not a man priest himself? 'Ye are priests,' says the apostle. What consecrates? The sacraments, as Mr. Keble intimates and as Hooker no doubt believed, as we have already said, had their foundation in the mystical view of the visible world; and certainly a holy man will always move beneath the presence of things not seen. Mr. Keble says:—

'The truth is, Hooker's notion of ceremonies appears to have been the legitimate result of a certain high and rare course of thought, into which deep study of Christian antiquity would naturally guide a

devout and reflective mind. The moral and devotional writings of the Fathers show that they were deeply imbued with the evangelical sentiment, that Christians as such are living in a new heaven and a new earth; that to them "old things are passed away," and "all things are become new;" that the very inanimate creation itself also is "delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God." Thus in a manner they seem to have realized, though in an infinitely higher sense, the system of Plato: everything to them existed in two worlds: in the world of sense, according to its outward nature and relations; in the world intellectual, according to its spiritual associations. And thus did the whole scheme of material things, and especially those objects in it which are consecrated by scriptural allusion, assume in their eyes a sacramental or symbolical character.

'This idea, as it may serve to explain, if not to justify, many things, which to modern ears sound strange and forced in the imagery of the Fathers and in their interpretations of Scripture; so it may be of no small use in enabling us to estimate rightly the ceremonials of the Church. The primitive apostolical men, being daily and hourly accustomed to sacrifice and dedicate to God even ordinary things, by mixing them up with Christian and heavenly associations, might well consider everything whatever as capable of becoming, so far, a mean of grace, a pledge and token of Almighty presence and favour: and in that point of view might without scruple give the name of *μυστήρια* or sacraments to all those material objects which were anyhow taken unto the service of religion: whether by Scripture, in the way of type or figure; or by the Church, introducing them into her solemn ritual. In the writings of St. Cyprian, for example, to go no further at present; we have the homer full of manna, gathered by each of the Israelites, denominated "the sacrament of Christ's equal and impartial grace;" the words of the Paternoster, considered as meaning far more than at first meets the ear, are "the sacraments of the Lord's Prayer;" the Church's rule for keeping Easter, with many other like points, are so many "sacraments of Divine service;" the cross is "a sacrament of salvation;" St. Cyprian, having collected a number of what would now be called fanciful allusions, to console and encourage certain martyrs in their sufferings, is thanked by those martyrs for "his constant care to make known by his treatises hidden and obscure sacraments." In these and innumerable similar applications of the term, it will perhaps be found that such words as "figure," "symbol," "emblem," do by no means come fully up to the force annexed to it by the Church and ecclesiastical writers. God omnipresent was so much in all their thoughts, that what to others would have been mere symbols, were to them designed expressions of his truth, providential intimations of his will. In this sense, the whole world, to them, was full of sacraments.'

This is all very beautiful, very good, and instructive, and devotional, but the point in question is, why should a Dissenter be

damned because he does not believe in bishops? Men may eat and drink, and in whatever they do do all to the glory of God, without the finger of the bishop. No doubt the grace of a sacrament may consecrate all material things, and lend to every moment of life a hallowing and a charm. The word of God and prayer may give a heavenly lustre to all things, by 'a light that never was on sea or land.' The question is, whether such things had better be done by Act of Parliament, and with the fear of Newgate before the eyes, and prove that this is the method is the argument of the 'Ecclesiastical Polity.' It is a chief charge and complaint of Hooker against the Nonconformists, that they, in their setting up the Scriptures as the rule of the Church, put out the light of reason and natural judgment.

'But so it is, the name of the light of nature is made hateful with men; the "star of reason and learning," and all other such like helps, beginneth no otherwise to be thought of than if it were an unlucky comet; or as if God had so accursed it, that it should never shine or give light in things concerning our duty any way towards him, but be esteemed as that star in the Revelation called Wormwood, which being fallen from heaven, maketh rivers and waters in which it falleth so bitter, that men tasting them die thereof. A number there are, who think they cannot admire as they ought the power and authority of the word of God, if in things Divine they should attribute any force to man's reason. For which cause they never use reason so willingly as to disgrace reason. Their usual and common discourses are unto this effect. First, "the natural man perceiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."'

But plainly, upon the reasoning of Hooker, the indignity fastened upon human reason is rather in those usages which, while they cannot plead the sanction of scripture, have neither the sanction or knowledge of the first principles of our nature; and in reference to the very matter of bishops, while it is a constant occasion of sneering, that with the party of Cartwright, the presence of a preaching minister should constitute a church, it is the very vertebræ and centre of the argument, derived from most venerable patristic authority, that the bishop constitutes the church. But Hooker on the province of reason would lead us far along. He, no doubt, had a wonderful power of transforming emotion into reason, feelings into syllogisms; and the subtle conceptions of his understanding, plain and intelligible to himself from his high world of Christianized Platonism, made him, gentle as he was, dogmatic, and reasonable as he was, illogical.

Upon the style of Hooker it is much more easy to be warm

in commendation than upon the conceptions wrought out by his style. The style of a man is the robe of his thought. Some robes are free and flowing; they are really the drapery of the thought. Hooker's book strikes some readers certainly as in itself weak. It has the strong, but not coherent lines of thought, but it has a huge and cumbrous gracefulness. His style is a stiff brocade, a magnificent dalmatic and alb. His style did not flow round him. As he moved he carried it with him. The sonorous music of this grand book has been spoken of. This must apply especially to the first books. It is most true while reading the soul is stirred with emotions like those we feel at a solemn music, but not such as—

‘When the bright seraphim in burning row
Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow.’

There is nothing shrill, there is no rich soprano throwing aloft its notes blending in the yet unutterable trisagion. The other day we stepped into a church on the Continent; one of those vast churches overwhelming with stained glass and all the glories of the pictured and ritualistic symbolism. It was quite empty of all worshippers, but the organ was throwing forth all divine yet broken airs: hymns, and *Te Deums*, and Requiems, and masses, and *Jubilates* were flowing forth, but broken. From the aisle we cast our eye up to the organ-loft: there sat a lonely priest tuning the vast and magnificent instrument. Many an oratorio and concert, and very completely attemptive effort in music, has left far less impression upon us than those broken and dissolute shreds of sound in that great church. Thus the music of Hooker's book strikes us. So he seems to us, a lone and not a happy priest, for the love of God, tuning his vast organ in the empty church. He wrote, we believe, until he really supposed that beings were round him in that rich pictorial edifice of his. There is an absence of sympathy, an absence of interest in souls of men. The Church performs in dumb show, in histrionic array, rather than in living congregation. A lonely monk-like priest, his mind was slow and ponderous, but he was awfully impressed no doubt by the magnificent spiritual shadows of material things. He thought in all things like a monk; and we see most plainly that he would have been just as likely, had circumstances called to the work, to have framed the ‘Ecclesiastical Polity’ for the Papacy as for the English episcopacy. All these are particulars which enter not less into the style of the book than into the substance of it; they are a part of its very texture: indeed, we do often say the style is the man. We love not to think of Hooker so much engaged in the meaner work

of cleansing church vessels, dusting altars, washing surplices, or even in staining the glass of cloister windows : we do the rather love to see him when with unadorned grace and simple dignity of soul, he fixes his dark lustrous eye on the heavenly places in such noble words.

GOD.

‘ Dangerous it were for the feeble brain of man to wade far into the doings of the Most High ; whom although to know be life, and joy to make mention of his name ; *yet our soundest knowledge is to know that we know him not as indeed he is, neither can know him : and our safest eloquence concerning him is our silence, when we confess without confession that his glory is inexplicable, his greatness above our capacity and reach.* He is above, and we upon earth ; therefore it behoveth our words to be wary and few.’

How beautiful that passage of angels, which Spenser might well have seen, have received his inspiration from, for a famous passage in the Fairy Queen :—

ANGELS.

‘ Consider a little the state of heavenly and Divine creatures : touching Angels, which are spirits immaterial and intellectual, the glorious inhabitants of those sacred palaces, where nothing but light and blessed immortality, no shadow of matter for tears, discontentments, griefs, and uncomfortable passions to work upon, but all joy, tranquillity, and peace, even for ever and ever doth dwell : as in number and order they are huge, mighty, and royal armies, so likewise in perfection of obedience unto that law, which the Highest, whom they adore, love, and imitate, hath imposed upon them, such observants they are thereof, that our Saviour himself being to set down the perfect idea of that which we are to pray and wish for on earth, did not teach to pray or wish for more than only that here it might be with us, as with them it is in heaven. God which moveth mere natural agents as an efficient only, doth otherwise move intellectual creatures, and especially his holy angels : for beholding the face of God, in admiration of so great excellency they all adore him ; and being rapt with the love of his beauty, they cleave inseparably for ever unto him. Desire to resemble him in goodness maketh them unweariable and even unsatiable in their longing to do by all means all manner good unto all the creatures of God, but especially unto the children of men : in the countenance of whose nature, looking downward, they behold themselves beneath themselves ; even as upward, in God, beneath whom themselves are, they see that character which is nowhere but in themselves and us resembled.’

His words on law have been so often quoted they are in all our readers’ memories :—

LAW.

‘ Wherefore that here we may briefly end : of Law there can be no

less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world: all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power: both Angels and men and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.'

MUSIC.

'Touching musical harmony whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low in sounds a due proportionable disposition, such notwithstanding is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself by nature is or hath in it harmony. A thing which delighteth all ages and beseemeth all states; a thing as seasonable in grief as in joy; as decent being added unto actions of greatest weight and solemnity, as being used when men most sequester themselves from action. The reason hereof is an admirable facility which music hath to express and represent to the mind, more inwardly than any other sensible mean, the very standing, rising, and falling, the very steps and inflections every way, the turns and varieties of all passions whereunto the mind is subject; yea so to imitate them, that whether it resemble unto us the same state wherein our minds already are, or a clean contrary, we are not more contentedly by the one confirmed, than changed and led away by the other. In harmony the very image and character even of virtue and vice is perceived, the mind delighted with their resemblances, and brought by having them often iterated into a love of the things themselves. For which cause there is nothing more contagious and pestilent than some kinds of harmony; than some nothing more strong and potent unto good. And that there is such a difference of one kind from another we need no proof but our own experience, inasmuch as we are at the hearing of some more inclined unto sorrow and heaviness; of some more mollified and softened in mind; one kind apter to stay and settle us, another to move and stir our affections; there is that draweth to a marvellous grave and sober mediocrity, there is also that carrieth as it were into ecstasies, filling the mind with an heavenly joy and for the time in a manner severing it from the body. So that although we lay altogether aside the consideration of ditty or matter, the very harmony of sounds being framed in due sort and carried from the ear to the spiritual faculties of our souls, is by a native puissance and efficacy greatly available to bring to a perfect temper whatsoever is there troubled, apt as well to quicken the spirits as to allay that which is too eager, sovereign against melancholy and despair, forcible to draw forth tears of devotion if the mind be such as can yield them, able both to move and to moderate all affections.'

THE PSALMS.

‘They are not ignorant what difference there is between other parts of Scripture and Psalms. The choice and flower of all things profitable in other books the Psalms do both more briefly contain, and more movingly also express, by reason of that poetical form wherewith they are written. The ancient when they speak of the Book of Psalms used to fall into large discourses, shewing how this part above the rest doth of purpose set forth and celebrate all the considerations and operations which belong to God; it magnifieth the holy meditations and actions of divine men; it is of things heavenly an universal declaration, working in them whose hearts God inspireth with the due consideration thereof, an habit or disposition of mind whereby they are made fit vessels both for receipt and for delivery of whatsoever spiritual perfection. What is there necessary for man to know which the Psalms are not able to teach? They are to beginners an easy and familiar introduction, a mighty augmentation of all virtue and knowledge in such as are entered before, a strong confirmation to the most perfect among others. Heroical magnanimity, exquisite justice, grave moderation, exact wisdom, repentance unfeigned, unwearied patience, the mysteries of God, the sufferings of Christ, the terrors of wrath, the comforts of grace, the works of Providence over this world, and the promised joys of that world which is to come, all good necessarily to be either known or done or had, this one celestial fountain yieldeth. Let there be any grief or disease incident into the soul of man, any wound or sickness named for which there is not in this treasure-house a present comfortable remedy at all times ready to be found. Hereof it is that we covet to make the Psalms especially familiar unto all. This is the very cause why we iterate the Psalms oftener than any other part of Scripture besides; the cause wherefore we inure the people together with their minister, and not the minister alone to read them as other parts of Scripture he doth.’

THE HIDDEN CHURCH OF CHRIST.

‘That Church of Christ, which we properly term his body mystical, can be but one; neither can that one be sensibly discerned by any man, inasmuch as the parts thereof are some in heaven already with Christ, and the rest that are on earth (albeit their natural persons be visible) we do not discern under this property, whereby they are truly and infallibly of that body. Only our minds by intellectual conceit are able to apprehend, that such a real body there is, a body collective, because it containeth an huge multitude; a body mystical, because the mystery of their conjunction is removed altogether from sense. Whatsoever we read in Scripture concerning the endless love and the saving mercy which God sheweth towards his Church, the only proper subject thereof is this Church. Concerning this flock it is that our Lord and Saviour hath promised, “I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any

pluck them out of my hands." They who are of this society have such marks and notes of distinction from all others, as are not object unto our sense; only unto God, who seeth their hearts and understandeth all their secret cogitations, unto him they are clear and manifest. All men knew Nathaniel to be an Israelite. But our Saviour piercing deeper giveth further testimony of him than men could have done with such certainty as he did, "Behold indeed an Israelite in whom is no guile."

Such words as these abundantly justify those high estimates which have been formed of this style. Bishop Heber says, in language from which few will dissent, that 'Of the three writers, Hooker, Barrow, and Taylor, Hooker claims the foremost rank in sustained and classic dignity of style. The first awes most, the second convinces most, the third persuades and delights most. Hooker is the object of our reverence, Barrow of our admiration, and Jeremy Taylor of our love.' The whole fabric of Hooker's style is severely pure. If he was desirous of the pictorial in religious service, he was a Puritan in his style. He rises like some excelling angel, and disdains the ornaments which feebler minds ambitiously desire. His words do not so much open the eyes as suffuse the soul with impressions, not wanting in a certain dignified humour and reproving severity of speech. The very first words of his book command for him immediately his audience:—

'He that goeth about to persuade a multitude, that they are not so well governed as they ought to be, shall never want attentive and favourable hearers; because they know the manifold defects whereunto every kind of regiment is subject, but the secret lets and difficulties, which in public proceedings are innumerable and inevitable, they have not ordinarily the judgment to consider.'

Nor was he wanting in a certain tartness of spirit in dealing with an antagonist opinion; but in general the solemn and pensive power of a holy soul overflows the pages as in many of the great poets. The first books are far the best—the first book is almost a matchless performance—but he was ever most at home the nearer he ascended to the Father's house; and while it must be admitted, as he soared into the solemn glooms between the earth and the throne, he hovered, as he soared, on the confines of heresy. We watch with amazement the ascent of his pure spirit, grieved alone that such a soul should ever have been won to do the work of the Whitgifts, and the Bancrofts and the other men of blood, who turned the Church into shambles, and added the gallows and the quartering knife of the executioner to the other sacraments of their Church.

II.

CHURCH ECONOMICS—A MINIMUM SALARY.*

CONGREGATIONALISM resembles an archipelago. Its churches are all islands, some of which are very large and others very small ; some clothed with verdure, and full of riches, others rocky and sterile, destitute of either mineral wealth or vegetable luxuriance. The inhabitants of one island must receive nothing from the inhabitants of another unless they are on the point of starvation ; in which case a little assistance, just sufficient to keep body and soul together, may be expected. Those whose lot happens to be cast on a very small or very barren island, must subsist as best they can. It is true, their poverty may inflict a heavy loss upon their neighbours, for it may prevent them from developing much of the resources of their insular home, may stop them from digging out the native metals that would make a rich exchange for grain and fruits produced by other islands in the group. But so the law of Congregationalism decrees.

How to make a distribution of comfort in the archipelago, so that the population of the islands that are small and barren may do their work to advantage, and be kept from sinking into barbarism, is a problem worthy the attention of a benevolent man.

It is not possible for a community whose members are poor as well as few in number, adequately to sustain a pastor ; yet some of our churches will inevitably be feeble, estimated by the standard of wealth and numbers. Villages dependent on the quiet labours of husbandry, the few hundreds of whose population are divided among three or four sects and the devil, the latter claiming the lion's share ; small, dead towns, shut out from the commercial world, so that the people are fain to pursue two or three trades together, in order to eke out a scanty income ; churches that are suffering reverses (and such there have ever been since the church at Jerusalem was scattered by persecution, and ever will be till the Millennium), the sick members of the family, who, if tenderly nursed during the period of their sickness, may get well again, but if neglected will die ; fresh causes set up in our larger towns to keep pace with the growing population, and which require good men to work them, from the

* *Speech of Dr. Guthrie before the Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, 1862.*

first, to insure success while there is but a handful of persons to support them : these are the sterile islands of Congregationalism, on whose behalf their more fortunate neighbours must learn to tax themselves, if Congregationalism is to cease to revolt our senses by a succession of painful contrasts, if it is to advance from a half-truth to a whole.

The problem to be solved, is not how totally to destroy existing inequalities, but how to lessen their amount ; how to distribute spiritual wealth and consecrated talent ; how to supply to smaller communities good preachers and pastors, as the world supplies them with good doctors, solicitors, and artisans.

Four solutions of the problem have been given by the various religious denominations :—

I. The system of endowments is the solution offered by the Church of England. This system retains the pastorate, and is able to give to scattered hamlets the advantage of pastors with equal learning and talent to those located in large and wealthy towns. In fact, the remedy has been applied so vigorously as to induce a fresh disease. There is a danger of acres outweighing souls. A minister whose proper sphere is among the active intelligent population of a town, may be detained by a rich living among two or three hundred rustics, who admire his eloquence rather than appreciate it. But one evil sometimes corrects another, and fortunately for the Episcopalians, patronage gives away its rich country livings not always to the men of special merit, but often to men whose only claims upon the patron are those of relatives or friends.

There is something in the system of endowments of which, as Congregationalists, we ought to avail ourselves to a much greater extent. Our chapels and schools ought, in every instance, to be clear of debt. They should be supplemented by a manse and a chapel-keeper's house, also clear of debt ; and if our congregations had a few hundreds of pounds out at interest to fall back upon on a rainy day, and especially if they laid up in store when any undertaking requiring strong funds was remotely contemplated, it would be no worse for them. But beyond this point it would be exceedingly hazardous for them to go. Beyond this, whatever of surplus income we can command ought to be invested in our missionary, Bible, tract societies, &c., where it would gain a richer percentage of interest, in another form, than if it were lent out at five per cent. on mortgages. Its accumulation would wither the spirit of voluntarism, which is our strength, and would unduly tax the temporal resources of the present generation, with the effect of relaxing the spiritual energies of the next. It would require above a hundred years to endow all our

churches, and when the object was accomplished, our ecclesiastical great-grandchildren would find themselves in the condition of the Society of Friends, wealthy yet weak, rich in financial resources, but few in numbers : they would find themselves more probably in the condition of the church of Laodicea, boasting themselves rich and increased with goods, and knowing not that they were wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.

There is no fear, however, that the system of endowments will be adopted by Congregationalists, who can scarcely manage to build their chapels free of debt. It is in their case beset with legal difficulties, and since the Ejectment has, in various places, proved treacherous to the cause of evangelical truth.

II. There is the Quaker solution. It cuts the knot by dispensing with a hired ministry altogether : the congregation becomes its own minister, and 'golden silence' alternates with 'silvern speech,' freely offered as it is freely under spontaneous impulse received. Financial outlay, so far as preaching is concerned, stops with the meeting-house, itself excessively plain, and therefore costing little. Where the Society has rich resources of intelligence and piety within itself, and where also Friends able to edify others have and obey the impulse to travel, this system may effect great things, as it did in its early days. Perhaps we shall yet extract a precious essence out of it for the work of evangelization. But the solution, as a whole, can never be adopted by Congregationalists, who acknowledge the operation of the Holy Spirit in preparation as well as in sudden impulse, and see the necessity of trusting not so much to the action of one order of spiritual forces as to the combined action of all orders which our God and his Christ may have ordained.

III. We have the Methodist solution. It is obtained partly by relaxing the requirement and partly by a combination of congregations. Two-thirds of the sermons preached on Sundays are preached by laymen without pay. The regular ministers are evangelists rather than pastors, and by a frequent change of stations are relieved from the necessity of continuous study for the pulpit. They are thus enabled to itinerate during the week, and to visit smaller places which rarely have the privilege of seeing their faces on a Sunday, when for the most part they are detained to serve the larger congregations. But an occasional visit from a travelling preacher on a Sabbath, say once in three or four weeks, and a regular visit every fortnight on a week-day, when he can inspect the books, settle the affairs of the society, call on a few families, gain the intimacy of the principals, circulate the connexional news, diffuse the connexional sentiment, and

make a good impression by the preaching of some favourite sermon that has been delivered fifty or a hundred times before. This secures important results. The obscurest villages hear in their turn the most popular preachers; and as in the human body the vital fluid is composed of blood and water, the finer ministerial element united with the common circulates through the very toes and fingers of the connexional system.

The idea is prevalent enough among us that we ought to make a much greater use of the power of evangelization; that lay preaching ought to be more encouraged (although in these times of commercial competition it has become exceedingly difficult for one man to attend to preaching and to business, and to do both well); and that especially two or three feeble churches when they adjoin would find their mutual account in supporting respectably one good minister instead of starving more than one. We are satisfied, however, that, for the sake of ministers and people, the pastorate should be established wherever it is possible, and that to borrow the Methodist solution as a whole, even if it could be done consistently with our Independency, would be a step of retrogression.

IV. There is the Presbyterian solution. The Free Church of Scotland has a Sustentation Fund, to which all the churches are expected to contribute more largely than to any other object. The sum total paid into this fund during a twelvemonth is divided by the number of the churches, and the dividend, whatever it is, paid to them all alike, so that the richest and the poorest congregation receives from the fund an equal sum. The dividend last year was £134; this year it has risen to £138; yet Dr. Guthrie, who is captain for the time, is storming and rating them all soundly because they have sent him out of port with such slender provision for his crew. Of course the dividend is largely supplemented by churches that have sufficient means; only it is expected, as a point of equity, that no church begin to supplement the dividend on the minister's behalf till they have paid into the Sustentation Fund at least as much as they are taking out. Some of the wealthy churches pay into it, one, two, or even three thousand pounds, and still get back only the dividend that goes to the pastor of a sterile Highland parish. Yet they manage to supplement this dividend till their ministers are as well paid as the most popular and fortunate of ours. But the Guthries and Candlishes of the Free Church of Scotland are to be envied rather than the Binneys and Raleighs of our own; for the former sit down beaming with satisfaction at the upper end of a table that is provided with plenty to the bottom, but the latter, it is to be supposed, dare scarcely glance towards the

lower end of the board where they banquet, lest the sight of respectable want should take away their appetite.

In addition to the dividend, and it may be the dividend supplemented, nearly every country church provides its minister with a manse; so that there is scarcely a Free Kirk pastor at the present time in receipt of less than £150 a-year. The scattered hamlets of the Highlands, where the land is poor and the bawbee precious, is able to boast its well-taught, university-trained minister, living in comfort and respectability in its midst; a pleasure for beholders to look upon, and not a scarecrow stuck up, like so many of the Independent and Baptist ministers, in the centre of some Zion plot, to frighten off all the birds of the wood.

Honoured free churches of the North! it was reserved for you, with less of liberty in your possession than we have, better to exemplify how much liberty can do. You have shown that the voluntary principle is capable of providing for its clergy better in general than the system of endowments and State-aid. Let the 5,000 curates of the English Church who have less than £101 a-year, and the thousands more of parish priests in that Church who have less than £150 a-year, and are sick at heart, many of them with deferred hopes of patronage, confess their system outdone, even in a worldly point of view, by one which at the same time allows a fair field to personal merit.

The plan adopted by the United Presbyterians is very good. Churches are urged, in the first place, to do all they can consistently for their ministers, and the sum they are able to raise is carefully ascertained. A grant from a separate fund, sustained by subscriptions and collections throughout the denomination, supplements that sum if necessary, and all the salaries are brought up to a minimum, which is determined from year to year by the strength of the fund.

If either of the above plans could be imported into the Congregational body and harmoniously worked, no one would rejoice more than we. The general pleas that are here urged would apply to one of these or to any other practicable and consistent scheme. But we have weighty objections to both the Presbyterian schemes. We have objections against that of the Free Church. It is not in harmony with the central idea of Congregationalism, which looks on every church as the guardian of its own interests, its own master and ruler under the direction of Christ, and would, therefore, repudiate any plan for managing, by means of a denominational committee, those portions of a minister's payments to which the church itself is competent. It seeks to call forth voluntary conscientious effort; to improve the mass by developing the individuals that compose it; and it would never

tolerate a merging of the individual in the mass, to the extent of depriving him of the primary management of his financial affairs. A Congregational church must work for itself up to the point of its ability. It may receive help, but it must not submit to authority. It may render help, and it may morally influence, but it cannot legally control.

Furthermore, if even the Free Church plan could be adopted by us consistently with our distinctive principle, its efficient working would require an amount of surveillance and external pressure not at all consistent. Authoritative measures would be necessary to prevent dishonourable or careless parties from relying unduly on the help of their neighbours.

The method of the United Presbyterians is open to the last objection. It would also entail additional collections, from which the current of feeling at the present time is bearing us away, or additional subscriptions, when the objects of religious benevolence are already so numerous. It would render useless the machinery of the County Association, that has established its right to exist by a fair measure of success, and would thus cast away a certain thing for a thing uncertain because untried.

Any method that is to answer our purpose—that shall not pull down with one hand what it builds up with the other—must be in perfect harmony with our system. We must strike out a path of our own ; for occupying as we do a separate locality, the roads laid out by our neighbours, although direct enough to them, would prove very roundabout to us. What course, then, shall be taken ?

We are anxious rather that something efficient should be done than that any plan of ours should be adopted. The structure wants erecting. Let the architects send in their plans, to be examined and pronounced upon. As a contribution in this way, we propose the following :—

I. Let the County Associations maintain their useful beneficence. But let them aim at a higher mark. Let them endeavour to bring up the minimum salary of the ministers within their boundaries to £100. This is done already in Lancashire, and, when anything is done at all, in the West Riding. The attainment of the object universally is no Utopian idea. In some cases the Home Missionary Society co-operates with the County Associations, to strengthen the hands of our feeble churches. In the northern counties, the trustees of Lady Hewley's Charity grant £10 per annum to poor and godly pastors. Now and then the County Associations themselves are enriched by bequests. There is no doubt that, by means of these combined resources, a moderate degree of zeal in the good

cause would easily raise the humbler salaries up to the proposed standard. Wherever, at least, this was not done, it would be because prudence determined that it ought not to be done. For there are unworthy ministers, and false and fallen Churches; there are mere preaching stations; there are tiny congregations which ought never to form a separate sphere, but should be set to revolve as satellites around some larger ecclesiastical orb. But wherever the planting of a regular minister is attempted, it ought, for the interests of humanity and of the Church of God, to be done with a vigorous hand.

Lest the above organization should still be thought insufficient, we will here suggest how it would be possible, by means of a moderate use of the principle of endowments, to call into the field a powerful auxiliary—an army that should fight without consuming any bread and cheese. It has been thought consistent of late to establish denominational funds with a permanent capital; and so we have the 'Pastors' Retiring Fund,' and the 'Chapel Building Loan Fund.' Let another fund of this kind be created for the purpose of supplying the last £10 of a hundred to churches which are unable to raise that sum for their ministers without assistance. If they durst trust the future, it would be a satisfaction to the donors of such a fund to know that every £1,000 invested in it at £5 per cent. would yield help to the above-named extent to five churches in perpetuity. Once piled up, the consecrated heap would be no bank of snow to melt under the suns of the next season, but a solid mound of generous soil, keeping unchanged its place amid the pasture, and spontaneously renewing its verdure every year for the sustenance of the flock.

We pass on to offer the suggestion which first led us to think of writing this article. It strikes us that before the County Associations succeed generally in bringing up the stipends to £100 low as is the mark, a prize must be held out as an incitement both to those who assist and to those who receive assistance, in the shape of a salary materially higher, still to be attained by the feebler churches on behalf of their ministers, on condition that they first raise the £100. Therefore—

II. Let all our ministers who are receiving higher salaries than £100 per annum, endeavour to obtain the concurrence of their churches in the following resolution:—That whenever the church gives a call to a minister in future, it shall stipulate with him for one-fourth of the amount raised as salary above the first £100 per annum, or one-third of it if the salary paid is £200 or more, to be paid by the church into an 'Aid Fund,' to supplement the smaller salaries of other ministers.

Further, let all our ministers who are receiving salaries of above £100 per annum, endeavour to secure the payment by their churches of the above proportion into an Aid Fund as soon as possible. Let those who are offered an increase of stipend decline it, however desirable, and however well earned, except on condition that the due proportion of whatever is paid them above £100 be set apart for the help of their struggling brethren, remembering that though they may need the whole of it, their less favoured brethren need the specified proportion of it much more.

Is it Quixotic to hope that in some cases, where churches are already doing all they can, our ministers might emulate the self-sacrifice of the 'Two Thousand,' by foregoing some considerable sum, if not the entire proportion above named? Would they be likely, after such a sacrifice, to be less happy, or to preach any worse? Would they be less noble in the estimation of good men, or have a poorer chance of winning the commendation of the Lord Jesus at the last great assize, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me'?

To proceed. Let the 'Aid Fund' thus fed be under the management of the Union. On the one hand, let no dividend be paid out of it to any church that does not already raise by some means a salary of £100 for its minister; and on the other hand, let no dividend be paid out of it to any church that raises *more* than £100 per annum, until and unless all other churches eligible for aid have been raised to its level.

If these suggestions were acted upon generally, churches possessed of abundant means would find their power of outbidding sister churches mercifully taxed and moderated. They would escape one of the snares of selfishness by taking care that the more they expended on themselves the more they expended upon others.

The grand objection to this scheme that will occur to the mind of a shrewd practical man, who takes the world as he finds it, is this, that among the extensive class of congregations which are able to raise just a little more than £100 for their ministers, many might content themselves with raising the required £100, and draw from the generosity of their neighbours the additional £20 or £30 which they were able to raise at home. It cannot be doubted that here and there a church would be found sufficiently negligent, not to say dishonourable, to take undue advantage of the denominational bounty in this way. But if it can be shown that the cases apprehended would be quite exceptional, their existence can form no decisive objection; for the comprehensive legislator accepts the necessity of doing indirect harm in

exceptional instances that he may do direct good as a rule, and the benevolent citizen consents to believe that a certain unknown portion of his gifts goes to buy gin and opium, and to purchase tickets for the casino, yet never thinks of discontinuing his benevolence and making the many innocent suffer for the few guilty.

That the cases apprehended would prove exceptional, and that in a high degree, may appear from two considerations. First, the feeling of independence grows with our strength. A walking-stick, if it could speak, would testify that the pressure laid upon it increased with the age and decrepitude of the walker. To the young man it is a plaything ; to the old it is a necessary help. The comfortable artisan would spurn the halfpennies for which the destitute begs and prays. A poor congregation may be willing enough to accept help from the strong, although even in their case we have reason to know that the deputations often sit in purgatory at the Association meeting, and burn with shame as the grant is doled out to them. But to churches that are able to raise their £100 without help from anybody, the idea of being helped at all has become exceedingly obnoxious, and they will work hard and give freely rather than submit to it. Secondly, the distributors of the proposed aid would have it in their power to lay down conditions, and to require that the churches to whom they lent assistance should work up to the point of their strength before they were carried beyond it by the hand of charity. We have before us the result of continued experiment. The County Associations are found to prevent almost all unfair dependence on their beneficence by exercising the power to which we have referred. They do more : they draw out a vast amount of liberality on the part of the churches to their pastors that would otherwise never be put forth. We know how in private ways continually our Crossleys and Wilsons ply a magic golden screw, and exercise over the churches a benevolent tyranny. They say to applicants, We will give you £20 if you will raise £40 ; we will pay the last £50 of your remaining debt : God helps those who help themselves, and we, his servants, mean to do the same in our little measure. It is only indiscriminate charity that saps self-dependence. State Churches are known to be niggard givers. In the Free Church of Scotland it must require incessant watching to keep their congregations up to mark, for they pay into the Sustentation Fund before they take out of it, and by virtue of their connexional relation they claim their dividend as a right. With us it is different, and it would be found one of the easiest things in the world to help our churches without hindering them. It would

be found that the proposed arrangement would call forth a vast deal more exertion than it would repress. We venture to say that for every church receiving help unnecessarily, five of those who had raised £100 and stopped there, would raise more, either to keep above the wave line of charity, or to have their few extra sovereigns doubled and trebled; and ten of those who had never reached £100 would determine to do it for the sake of the valuable prize suspended from the goal.

It will be seen immediately that the principle we have expounded—the taxation of larger incomes for the benefit of smaller—is a sort of crane standing on the wharf, a medium of conveyance between the ship in the water and the truck on the tramway. First of all the crane attracts the cargo to where it stands—the ship is brought up the river to a certain point because the crane is there; next the goods are conveyed a little distance by the actual movement of the crane; and then, in the third place, the crane having traversed its own circumscribed area, deposits the goods within the truck, and so introduces them to another line of progress. Let our Aid Fund be established, and at once whole hosts of degraded salaries will sail up to the mark of £100 that they may take advantage of a substantial dividend. In the next place that dividend will carry them, as we calculate, between £20 and £30 farther. And then—

III.—The committee of the Aid Fund would have it in their power to inaugurate a general manse movement. They could require that every church receiving a grant should build a parsonage and gradually liquidate the debt upon it, and could stipulate that the minister should never pay a higher rent for his house than the interest of actual debt upon it; so that as the debt decreased his income should enlarge, and when the debt was entirely swept away, the whole rent, say £20 or £25, should form a supplement to his salary of £125 or £130, and not a part payment of the first £100. This provision would carry the minimum salary of the denomination up to £150, where during our generation we might safely let it abide, though Dr. Guthrie would not do so.

It may be objected to a manse movement, that houses are a species of property of constantly decreasing value, through wear and tear. But when occupied by a good tenant they yield a per centage of interest that covers the expense of repairs, and meets beforehand the cost of rebuilding two hundred years or so after their erection. Besides, the question to be asked of a congregation, in this instance, is not whether they will invest £500 in a house or in land, but whether they will have a house or nothing; whether, by a special effort which no other object

would be likely to commend itself sufficiently to them to call forth, they will secure an annuity of £25, or, by foregoing such effort, forego the substantial recompense.

Again, it may be objected, that the parsonage would occasionally be left vacant for want of a pastor, occasionally prove useless because the pastor was unmarried. But our churches ought to deprecate a long interregnum too much to calculate for it, and during the short time it lasts they may generally expect the saving in supplies to make up for the loss of rent. The bachelor may prove a more serious difficulty in our hands. We know him, however, and we think he will need very little persuasion to quit his two confined rooms in a boarding-house, to become the master of a spacious pleasant parsonage, though it may cost him a few more shillings in the week. He has a maxim that the cage should be got before the bird is sought. Prepare his cage then with all possible dispatch, that he may not be kept, for want of it, from going into the grove to fetch home his bird of paradise.

Suppose now that the programme we have sketched were vigorously executed, what effects would follow?

A great proportion of the changes of ministers which at present take place, and take place, it is confessed, to the detriment of our churches, on the whole, would be prevented. All the changes made, from financial considerations, up to £150, would be brought to an end to the satisfaction of thoughtful persons among us, who are scandalized to see so sacred a relationship as that of pastor and people so often severed, without at the same time being strengthened and sanctified as an abstract thing by the solemn touch of death. Where a minister is called to fill a much larger sphere, and to enjoy a much larger salary, it may be well for him to change. There is a presumption that he is specially adapted for a greater work, that not to change would be to narrow his usefulness, that in doing the best for himself he is doing the best for everybody else. The claims of health are also imperative: the brain may require relief; the lungs may pant for a more congenial air. But, as a rule, we think that ministers ought to stick to their places. If they change for a mere difficulty, let them know that they will meet with difficulty wherever they go, and that the second difficulty will be all the more formidable to them because they were overcome by the first. Many a pastor has had to tear himself away from a people that he loved, because they were unable to support his increasing family. Let our programme be accomplished, and such cases will become rare. The pastor located in a village of 1,500 inhabitants, or a stand-still market town of 3,000, will stay there

if the Church does not particularly need his services in a more important sphere, silently extending the roots of his influence from year to year, marrying the persons that he also baptized, strengthening the cause of religion in his neighbourhood by the force of a holy character, which must grow in the estimation of his neighbours, according to the time they witness it, and sleeping at last among the ashes of his people, his tomb a hallowed shrine to which successive generations shall repair, and tread softly while they inform the stranger, He taught our fathers the way of salvation, he was faithful unto death, and he has received the crown of life.

The fulfilment of our programme would deliver an extensive portion of our ministry from cares that now depress and dishearten them. For men who are trying to live respectably on a hundred a-year or less, we know there must be shifts, and privations, and anxieties, which are sure to prove a serious drawback to mental comfort and cheerful hearty labour. To them, twenty or thirty pounds per annum would make all the difference between hardship and easy circumstance, and would be of more real value than five times the amount to those who have decent incomes. They are just in that position where a few pounds *will tell*. They are miserably suspended between poverty and plenty, and it is in the power of their brethren, by the exercise of a considerate generosity, which yet the Presbyterian and the Methodist would deem a mere matter of course, to throw in a few parings off their heavier stipends, and send down the balance on the side of plenty, on the side of well-fed children, cheerful fires, replenished libraries, and minds free from gnarling care. With a salary of £125, and a parsonage worth £25, a man might be safely left to his own good management. If he starved on this arrangement, we should be entitled to the full benefit of the consolation that his suffering was for his good. It is passing strange, when one thinks of it, that we, Congregational ministers of Great Britain and Ireland, are able, undisturbed, to fare sumptuously every day, and to sleep every night on a pillow without a thorn of care, save perhaps the self-implemented thorn of ambition to be richer and more renowned, whilst some hundreds of our educated brethren are struggling to keep up appearances on scanty means, denying themselves of almost every luxury, and sitting every week or two, with anxious looks and bated breath, in solemn conclave with their wives, to devise how best to keep the wolf from the door. Let us make haste to approve ourselves the descendants of the brave 'Two Thousand,' who, for the purity of their ministry, were content to be 'destitute, tormented, afflicted,' not merely by flooding the country with

lectures—for, after all, it is easy to talk of the self-denial of others—but by exertion and sacrifice on our own part, which shall ensure that our brethren are the descendants of those men in principle only, and not in poverty also.

Were our ministry placed on a better financial footing, hope, and kindness, and confidence would spread through the churches, and the influence of these for good would be incalculable. The tides of the ocean, and the currents of the atmosphere, floating out of one latitude into another, are not more real than are the sentiments of persons and communities towards one another, circulating continually through the length and breadth of a land. Think of the advantage that would result to us as a people, if several hundreds of men, foremost in our churches as being pastors and teachers—who are now cowed by poverty, who are often heard complaining in no measured terms, who have no substantial reason for looking on other ministers and other churches with affection, since the sight of them only brings to mind the apostle's words, 'All seek their own, not every man the things of others,' and who are tempted to regard our glorious Congregationalism as a mighty pretence, that gives huge salaries to men that happen to have fluent tongues and musical throats, while its sensible hard-working pastors, not so gifted, are left to bring up their six or seven children on salaries that are the derision of commercial travellers and bankers' clerks—think of the change, if these men should be converted into so many centres, radiating from lip, and look, and pen, and silent deed, the sentiment, We are contented, we value our brethren as our noble guardians, and we prize our ecclesiastical system as having solved the problem of ages, by uniting liberty with love, and substantial sympathy with a scrupulous individual independence.

With the foregoing scheme we anticipate that the denomination, in the course of a few years, would improve its average ministerial quality, and that in several ways, but especially in this, that a class of young men among us, possessed of the highest intelligence, and the best facilities for education, would be secured who are now lost, not so much through their own or their parents' unfaithfulness to duty, as through our egregious folly. At present, parents in respectable circumstances—who do not know their sons to be orators, sure, like inflated bladders, to ride on the surface of troubled waters, and presenting a temptation to cast them in for the pleasure of seeing them come inevitably to the top—have little encouragement to devote their sons to our ministry, when they may be pinched and galled all their days by a straitened income, and nobody care except their

own attached congregation, whose resources may be too small to mend the matter; while they see, on the other hand, that if they make them surgeons, they will probably be able to sport a blood horse, and a liveried footman to hold the reins, while the master visits his patient; if they make them lawyers, they will find the parchments of the law more precious in a worldly sense than the manuscripts of the Gospel, will grow rich on bankruptcies, and honourable in saying all that can be said on behalf of rascality; if they make them grocers or drapers, they will have the opportunity of pushing business, and may end their days as heads of important firms and owners of snug villas out of town. Parents who know the world, and the Church within the world, are compelled to look at this subject from a human as well as a religious point of view. Could they only calculate, that while their children were serving a holy cause, though they would not be likely, on the one hand, to make a fortune, they would, on the other, be kept from sinking below a fair minimum, they would, in many cases, encourage aspirations after the ministry, where at present they dare not incur the responsibility of doing it, lest they should place them where they have neither a sufficiency allowed them nor the privilege of trafficking in order to secure it—plunge them into a river abounding in dangerous hollows, with their hands tied behind them so that they cannot swim. A large proportion of the young men who now enter our colleges, know little more than the veriest elements of what is learned at a good grammar or boarding-school. Their collegiate course is a continued struggle to do that which is beyond their power, and not a few have sunk exhausted in the gallant attempt to accomplish an impossibility imposed on them by their superiors and expected of them by their simple-minded friends. They leave college when they ought to be entering it, and the manufacture of sermons for the pulpit, and speeches for the platform, cries, Halt; you shall advance no farther in the direction of scholarship: your study shall henceforth be your Tartarus, and you another Tantalus within it, longing for the rich fruit that mocks you from the shelves of your library, in the shape of corrected editions of the classics, and advanced text-books in philosophy and science, which you placed there in the days when you walked with hope and had not yet met with experience.

III.

THE GREAT FRENCH PROBLEM.*

IT is a most desirable thing that every Englishman should know France. We believe the ignorance of both nations of each other is quite profound; and especially at present we believe the ignorance of the great masses of English readers of France is most deceptive and delusive, tending to embarrass all right apprehensions of the work done by the present French Government, and the place which France takes in the scale of social and moral civilization. France boasts that she has ever been the crucible in which have been tried the theories of the day and the hour: she boasts that through her have come the varied social changes which have illustrated the successive European ages. It may be so, although not to the extent claimed by her writers, Guizot, and Lamartine, and Chateaubriand; but certainly at this hour she is putting to the test great social and political principles. It remains to be seen whether she can make despotism popular, and reveal in socialism the true cure for the ills of society; for assuredly these two extremes meet, and mingle, and melt in the France of our day.

The volume we introduce to our readers will give a more lucid exhibition of the state of modern French society than any to which we can refer our readers. Its writer seems to be intimately acquainted with the country. He writes in a vein of dogmatism far from unpleasant, for a photograph is very dogmatic, and our writer calling himself a *Flâneur* disclaims all definite aim. He declares 'he never seeks—he trusts to chance. His mind is like a sensitive blank photograph plate, ready for any impression which may present itself.'

No person can have visited Paris without noticing, even if unacquainted with Paris a few years since, that the city has undergone, and is still undergoing, an entire revision. There is now an entire new Paris: palaces and churches, the Champs Elysées and the Place de la Bastille, the Rue St. Jacques and the Boulevard Sebastopol, all bear testimony to this sweeping change. The Emperor, in his inauguration of the new *régime*, emulates and imitates the glory of Augustus, who found Rome built of wood and left it built of marble. Taking up the spirit of Edgar

* *Ten Years of Imperialism in France. Impressions of a 'Flâneur.'*
William Blackwood & Sons.

Allan Poe's new version of 'Sinbad the Sailor,' our Flâneur conceives that hoary old worthy might give two renderings of what he saw and heard in Paris.

'The first is as follows:—

"While drinking one evening sweet Shiraz wine with some of my boon-companions, and relating to them my past adventures, I was seized with a violent desire to see the wonderful things which had passed in the land of the West called Frengistan since I had been there, and of which I had heard, through divers natives of those regions, who are to be recognised by the strange black felt tubes on their heads, and by coats cut away in front and hanging down behind like swallow-tails. Having heard, likewise, that the mighty King of Frengistan had given orders that the Sea of Yonistan should be allowed to flow into the Sea of Arabia, I took my ship in that direction; but finding that the orders had not been yet executed, owing to the cunning devices of a neighbouring mighty island queen, I continued my journey into the great ocean of the West. After many days' and months' journey, and many perils, I arrived at the chief port of Frengistan, called Marsilia. Having disposed of my vessel, which was bought up to be shown for money to the natives, I proceeded to the capital of the country, which lies many miles inland, on the banks of a muddy unwholesome stream. By the aid of the genius of fire, which a great wizard called Fulton has subjected to his power, I was carried by fiery steeds in a few hours to the capital, or rather to the site where it formerly stood.

"When I was last in that place the whole country was under the rule of a bloodthirsty foreign tyrant called Liberty, who kept the people in dingy, high, and narrow houses, from which he drove them forth from time to time to wage war against each other, in order that he might feed on their corpses and drink their blood. At last the scion of their good old Padishah, who had ruled over many seas and lands, came back from across the water, where he had been driven by the tyrant. He assembled his followers and struggled with the oppressor until he drove him away. There was great joy among the people. Having thus come to the throne, the new Padishah sallied forth with a numerous host to wage war in the east and south, and even in the far land of Tshin, bringing back great glory and treasure. After this, in order to make the return of the tyrant impossible, he destroyed his den, the dingy old town, and built another town, opening out large roads, protected by huge fortified places called barracks, and flanked by trees. Alongside of these roads are magnificent palaces for the people to dwell in, and all over the town delicious gardens with fountains, lakes, and kiosks, destined, above all, for women and children. He cleared the river by building huge walls alongside of it, and threw bridges across it. Being a pious man, he built great mosques; and for his people, who like mummery, he built large halls in which they can indulge in that pastime, and his people are the happiest people of the earth."

‘ Now for the other version :—

“ A great calamity has befallen the capital of Frengistan since I had last seen it; the country was then governed by a divan of the wisest in the land, who were called up from all parts to assist with their counsel to make the people happy. Since then the nephew of a great tyrant and warrior, who had already tried several times to seize the crown, introduced himself into the palace under the pretext of contributing to the same aim. The people, being themselves true, believed in his word; but they soon repented, for one night he seized hold of the wisest and most influential men in the country, shutting them up or driving them out of the country; the people who came to their assistance were destroyed by his troops, and he became the ruler of the country. To punish the people for their hostility, and to secure his dominion, he determined to destroy their old town, which they had learned to fortify and defend. He summoned workmen and cunning artificers from the whole country, and constructed for himself and his favourites a city of palaces fair to behold and easy to defend. In order to carry out this plan he taxed the people heavily, and kept up a large armed force of foot and horse ready to obey his slightest wink. The country has a heavy time of it.”

It is true the demolition of old houses in Paris is something amazing, and the erection of new buildings is not less than miraculous: churches, towers, palaces, markets, barracks, and new streets and thoroughfares; and three new bridges have been thrown across the Seine, the Pont Napoleon III., the Pont de Solferino, and the Pont de l'Alma; the other bridges have been almost rebuilt. The returns of the taxes levied by the town of late years on building material will give the best idea of what has been built since the large works began. Each year from 800,000 to 1,000,000 tons of cast and wrought iron, from 40,000 to 50,000 tons of cement, 4,000,000 hectolitres of lime, and 400,000 stères of stone. The transport of these materials required a permission each year for above 3,500 waggons, and above 10,000 carts. We have read with considerable interest—the more interest perhaps that we read it on the spot—the Flâneur's description of ‘Lutetia Parisiorum,’ the haunts and warrens of old Paris, the old town, still the heart and centre of Paris life, unparalleled, our writer thinks, over the whole world for general intensity of life. It is in old Paris we must search for all those traces (what is left of them) of a life of history, and the past successions of streets, narrow and crooked, enclosed on both sides by a succession of high houses, bare and without ornament, not without architectural picturesqueness, although standing in undisguised destitution. The following is very graphic :—

'We are in the Cité, the island cradle of Paris, the favourite scene of sensation novelists of the romantic school, the traditional haunt of the outlaw, and the domain of the jail-bird, who shares the island with the Palais de Justice and Nôtre Dame, its archbishop and chapter: a strange neighbourhood to choose, but still convenient from its isolation and the intricacy of its streets. The novelist of the school of horrors will soon have to look out for other scenes, for imperial government seems decidedly averse to this kind of romance, and probably no other place has been so severely handled as this little spot. What with the enlargement of the Palais de Justice, the junction of the two sides of the Boulevard Sebastopol, and the clearance of the precincts of Nôtre Dame, little enough remains of the old place. Last autumn the block between the old Marché aux Fleurs and the Morgue was still standing, but doomed; you could pry into the Rue aux Fèves, the theatre of the exploits of Maître d'Ecole, Chourineur, Fleur de Marie, and other heroes and heroines of the "Mystères de Paris;" and nowhere probably could a more appropriate scene have been found for such exploits. A dark labyrinth of lanes, passages, and alleys, without issues apparently, but all more or less connected, so as to form a human warren. Most of the lanes are altogether inaccessible to vehicles, and some so narrow, that by extending the arms the walls on both sides may be touched, and, in case of necessity, a leap taken from the windows of one into those of the other side of the lane. In spite of this proximity, the houses rise high up in the air, and cast a gloom and mystery on the whole place, such as fully harmonizes with the idea of crime hiding itself. What is strange in the picture is the solidity of the houses. As far as darkness, faded colouring, and damp allow us to distinguish, they are built almost exclusively of cut stone, and here and there worn traces of stone ornaments are visible, all probably the remains of the times when the Cité was the residence of kings. Shops, which have intruded everywhere else, have not spared even this dismal quarter; not only wine-shops and eating-houses, wood and charcoal shops, but boot and clothing stores, even one or two *modistes* and a *coiffeur*, have had the courage to seek here for customers. Whatever life there is, is quite in harmony with the *entourage*. Silent figures slipping along in the dusk and disappearing in some narrow passage, here and there a woman standing before the door and eyeing the stranger, or a head peeping out of the window at the sound of an unknown step. Not a trace of children or of household occupations, which are so prominent everywhere else among the dwellings of the poorer classes in Paris. There is material for a romance then and there.'

But there are still some nooks, while all around the axe and the hammer have gone mercilessly to work, spared to memory, although profaned. In the homes where Mademoiselle Scuderi wrote down her gossip, and where the wits under Louis XIV. and Louis XV. disported themselves, thrifty Paris *bourgeois* manufacture bronzes, perfumery, gloves, pianos, jewellery, and all the

different articles for which Paris is justly famed. They make money in those hotels where they squandered it once. Skilful hands turn out tasteful articles where once dandies turned out compliments; and in gardens where beauties lisped, steam-engines puff and roar.

How have all the changes been effected in Paris—Paris, whatever may be left of the old city? Paris is transformed: who pays? what is the cost? Well, it is true that since the year 1851 the exports and imports of France have doubled; and who can say where the end of such a system of production will be? The means have been artificial, the adversaries say. They have only been gently fertilizing and manuring, the friends say. Paris, France, have socially advanced, no doubt, by the fostering hand of Government; but then France has for a long time sanctioned the interference of the Government in the private relations of the people for the general good. Government has in France interfered in the relations between labour and capital, and it would seem that the interference has been healthy. Besides—

‘Since 1859, a great change has taken place in the financial situation of the town, which tends still more to increase the resources. A law of the 16th of June of that year incorporates the *banlieue* with the town, and thus extends the limits of the latter to the fortifications. Paris, which had until then 1,174,346 inhabitants, on a surface of 3,402 hectares, found itself, on the 1st of January, with a surface of 8,502 hectares, and 1,525,942 inhabitants and taxpayers. The two years which have elapsed since this incorporation are scarcely sufficient for appreciating the whole financial importance of this measure; but, from the results which were obtained in 1860, and from those anticipated for 1861, some idea of this may be formed. In the first year, the newly-annexed suburban part added 15 millions to the revenue, while it increased the ordinary expense only by 11½ millions; so that the ordinary revenue left a surplus of 33 millions of francs. Adding to this 6½ millions of extraordinary revenues, *arrières*, &c., we have almost 40 millions available for great works. If we get only as much for the year 1861, although the valuation is higher, we have 80 millions, which, with the 184 available since 1852, make 264 millions of francs, or £10,416,000.’

Then there have been four loans: 25 millions of francs in 1848, 50 millions in 1851, 60 millions in 1855, and 60 millions in 1860. Thus in fact there has been the application of a system of public works in France as a poor law, and the application seems successful. Thus the Government of France has relieved pauperism, and has developed its industry and its resources. With the colossal social barrack system of those wild dreamers St. Simon Proudhon and Fourier, a change has come over the experience of the *ouvriers* alike in food and in lodging; a process

of amelioration, which according to our Flâneur has touched all the humbler classes, even the poor old vagrant *chiffonier*. This makes the France of to-day intensely interesting. Is it solving the dreaded social question? or is the sore only healed to break out with even greater virulence and vehemence than before?

One thing seems certain, that the thing ever dreaded in all systems of socialism meets us here. Mind is sacrificed to body: the trough and the sty are comfortable and full, but the man is fast elaborating into the animal. It is true that four thousand schools for boys, and over seven thousand for girls, have been opened since 1848, and the number of scholars has increased by more than one-fifth; but this means no more, we apprehend, than secular instruction, or so much of Romanism as leaves the soul fit for any state of servility. The brilliancy of French genius seems to have faded away. Thinkers, theoreticians, poets, historians, novelists, dramatists, journalists, painters, composers, actors, and musicians—these have gone. Literature is hampered and trammelled by restrictive laws on all sides, and so intellectual activity cannot soar above mediocrity.

There is such a rigid censorship established, that genius cannot live beneath the kindly watchfulness of its protection. Even the very posting of bills, and distribution of writings by hawkers, is subject to stringent and annoying regulations. Genius cannot very well write while one eye is fixed on the scissors inevitably advancing to its papers, and the snuffers to which its papers will inevitably have to ascend. It is true some writers are paid, but, mercy upon us, what writers!

‘Victor Hugo, the brilliant founder of the romantic school almost forgotten by his countrymen, but not broken in faith, has still some strings left on his lyre, but uses them to utter his dying cry of sadness and indignation. Lamartine has had to turn penny-a-liner in his old age, and to rake up painfully his reminiscences, to satisfy his creditors. Guizot draws in his turn on his souvenirs, or writes on the maintenance of the temporal power two long volumes, which no one thinks of reading or even of criticising. Thiers is laboriously spinning out his history of the Empire. Other celebrities are either silent, or only busy with their “Mémoires.” The Dumases and Georges Sands are adding some more volumes to those which they have already written. Michelet writes poetry on the sea; Montalembert takes up monastic institutions in the West; and so on—all faint echoes only of once powerful voices. Scarcely raised, they die away, leaving no impression on the public mind. None of those works, full of genius and freshness, which once electrified the world, and gained that lasting fame for their authors on which most of them still live.’

Meantime the old moons are chopped up into little stars, and

such literary ware as the *Pied de Mouton*, the *Orphée aux Enfers*, may give the author not immortal glory, but £1,500, or £2,000. It is the pleasant fashion of such minds to prefer the leg of mutton to the laurel: 'Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.' The absence of a literature in a land once so naturally proud of its literary glories and influence, might be endurable, but Paris has also become politically dumb. There is now no political brain, or pen, or speech, in Paris. The artisan or workman who listened with devotion to the public reading of the papers in his *atelier*, and who might have given lessons in politics to many a member of the Chamber of Deputies, cares no more about politics than the tool he handles. A worship of success; absence of faith in liberal institutions; a people alive to every sphere of activity, except politics: these are the traits of French society. The newspapers are no longer what they were: the journalist has lost his empire.

'In the heyday of journalism in France, the first thing a Frenchman did on opening his wet newspaper was to stop at the first page and devour every word of a long "*Prémier Paris*," barren of any substratum of fact, but full of fine sentiments, broiling indignation, or stinging irony, as the case might be. His choice was made, and he stuck to it. Whether the object of his preference was the "*National*," the "*Presse*," or the "*Constitutionnel*," he loved it dearly, believed in it, swore by it, and was ready to fight all comers in honour of it. His paper was his other self. He did not care whether the few facts it gave were true or not, nor whether there were any facts at all in it; but he saw himself, as it were, reflected in his paper, with all his prejudices, sentiments, and crotchets. All those vague instincts and crude notions which were floating about in his brain, he saw them clearly formulated in choice words. "*Très bien, voilà un gaillard qui connaît son affaire!*" was the exclamation of delight when some unusually well-turned phrase brought home to him some pet notion. He persuaded himself almost that the writer had overheard some of his own secret thoughts.

'Very different is now the sight offered by the news-pillars on the Boulevards at the hour of 4 p.m., the sacred time for the distribution of the evening papers, or at 9 in the morning, the time for the morning papers. "*La Patrie*," "*Le Pays*," "*Le Siècle*," "*Le Constitutionnel*!" shouts the little boy who runs about busily with his heap of papers still wet from the press. The bourgeois stops perplexed at the rich choice offered to his craving appetite, and is puzzled which to choose. He has no personal preference for any, for he has lost his faith in all of them; all he wants is to find out which of the official, semi-official, officious, and more or less inspired journals, represents best what the Emperor will do next. It is a lottery, as he has found out at his own expense. The "*Patrie*," which was right yesterday, is proved by the "*Pays*" of to-day to

have been completely wrong. The "Constitutionnel" of to-morrow will leave not the least doubt that both were misinformed; while the "Moniteur" of the day after will have a "communiqué" in large type, informing the world in general that there is no such thing in France as a semi-official, officious, or inspired journal, and that there is but one official infallible paper, and that is the "Moniteur" itself. The declaration deceives no one, as long as the habit prevails among ministers, and other more or less influential personages, to make use of the press for their own purposes, and to keep writers as hangers on.'

Paris is now, it would seem, intoxicated by moneymania. Imperialism, says our writer, has quickened the pulse of the population to 200, and shortened life by one-half. The ultimate verdict of the commercial world on Mirès, 'the hero and the martyr,' is a proof of the thoroughly bad state of morals in the French money-market. A man of the same quality and character as our railway ex-king, Hudson, attains to a notoriety as eminent as that of Sir John Dean Paul, is sentenced to five years' imprisonment. His case is carried into a higher court: he is partially acquitted, but his sentence is confirmed. His case is carried into the higher court, the Cour Impériale of Douai: he is acquitted of all the charges brought against him, and he is received on the Bourse with an ovation, and bids fair to become more powerful and idolized than before. Meantime there is more doubt of his guiltiness of the charges than of the guilt of the Robsons, and Redpaths, and Pauls. He was the champion of the most daring ideas of the Stock Exchange. By the act of acquittal the law has withdrawn its protection from the public, and has delivered the shoals of small fry to become the prey of large fish. Such is Napoleonism. The Flâneur brings the thing very near to us, and, our readers will perceive, in a very interesting, instructive, and entertaining manner. He deals with matters ordinarily far from pleasant as matters of mere reading, but he gives to all his figures the charm of a personal interest, and follows into detail all the changes of French society, under the Imperial fertilizing system; and indeed the change is complete. In the garrison and camp, especially, the Emperor has created a popular army, destroying the unpopular and anti-national military system established by the Revolution of 1830. The following is a sad picture, with all the gildings of military glory:—

'In spite of exemptions, and voluntary enlistments and re-enlistments, there are annually from 60,000 to 70,000 young Frenchmen called upon to march on the road to glory, most of whom would prefer following the plough, or sitting quietly in their workshops,

engaged in the useful arts of peace. The light-hearted youth of the towns, whose delight it was, in his gamin days, to admire the gilt cane of the tambour-major, and keep step with every marching body of soldiers, accepts his lot with tolerable equanimity; not so the conscript from the country, whose whole existence has until then been centred within the narrow sphere of his village. Those who know conscription only by name, have no idea of the tears, heart-burnings, and misery which the system causes every year to many thousand families. There is the preliminary wretchedness of suspense when the time for drawing lots approaches; then there are the six months' delay which intervene between the drawing of the *bad* number and the joining of the dépôt. The author of the "*Derniers Jours d'un Condamné*" might write a scarcely less distressing diary of these six months. The silent resignation to inevitable fate often gives way at the last moment to a fit of temporary and impotent rage, which ends at the departure in an outbreak of false gaiety produced by a reaction of vanity. The first days in barracks are days of despondency and prostration, under the sway of which the recruit still is when he is taught the first arduous steps in the path of glory. The time seems scarcely well chosen, for if we behold at drill a couple of these terrified wretches, red in the face and sweating, looking in their ill-fitting clothes and strained attitude like puppets dressed up and every moment in danger of falling, we cannot persuade ourselves that they will ever bear the faintest resemblance to that smart wiry little fellow, in full possession of all his muscles, and set off by his well-fitting uniform, who bullies them to his heart's content; and yet, probably not more than two years ago, that tyrannizing, self-contented individual was looking as uncouth and unhappy as number one or number two, on whom he practises now; and certainly no one would recognise, six months after, our two miserable conscripts in the two *troupiers* sauntering along the Garden of the Tuileries with conquering airs, and eyeing the *bonnes* with smiling looks.'

But we must leave this instructive, and entertaining, and thought-suggesting book, cordially commending it to all readers who desire to obtain an easy and yet faithful reading of the state of society in Paris and France under Imperialism.

IV.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

IT is impossible to mention without some disappointment the last work of a great writer, entitled *Les Misérables*.* This romance, which was intended to throw light on important social questions, and to avenge the cause of the poverty-stricken and neglected, is so overcrowded with exaggerated and occasionally revolting detail, that its greater beauties can scarcely be seen on account of the unnatural and unpleasant setting. We may spare ourselves the unnecessary task of recounting the plot and describing the characters of a wild and improbable fiction, since the adventures of the 'Miserable Ones' will soon be in the hands of every lover of the wonderful who delights to wander through the intricacies of novels, and to revel in an ideal world without the aid of a foreign dictionary. The same tendency towards the monstrous and unnatural which has been betrayed by Bulwer Lytton in his more advanced years seems now to be manifested by M. Victor Hugo, though, unlike the author of 'A Strange Story,' it is comparatively easy to trace the development of this wild and mystical *penchant* in the mental and literary history of the accomplished Frenchman. A knowledge of the standard literature of every country is so undoubtedly important to those who would form a clear and unbiassed judgment on the merits and defects of its current literature, that we can plead no excuse for occasional retrospection, deeming that a longer notice than usual of the career of a writer who, like M. Victor Hugo, has exercised an important influence on the spirit and poetry of his times, cannot be unacceptable to our readers, but will form the most appropriate introduction to his new and somewhat startling romance.

Victor Hugo is the second son of General Count J. L. S. Hugo, who was a gallant officer in the service of the French Republic. The poet first saw daylight at Besançon, a picturesque town in Spain, on February 26th, 1802. At this period the anxious thoughts of the people of France were excited about political and social improvements; but poetry, as a rhythmic art, had given place to the materialistic philosophy of the eighteenth century, and words can scarcely express the atheistic sterility of the epoch. Victor Hugo's mother was a Breton by birth, well known under her maiden name of Sophie Trébuchet. Royalist in heart,

* *Les Misérables*. M. Victor Hugo.

spirited and somewhat masculine in character, she had shared the dangers of the Vendean insurrections. The prejudices of the father, on the contrary, were all in a republican direction ; and from the diverse opinions of his parents, M. Hugo derived two opposite sources of inspiration. His infancy was passed at Elba, where he remained till he had attained his third year. For some time afterwards he resided with his mother in Paris, and from thence went to join his father at Avellino, at the foot of Mount Vesuvius. Here the child was nurtured amidst wild and romantic scenery which would have inspired the pencil of a Salvator or a Poussin ; and here he listened to tales of the daring deeds of Fra Diavolo and his band, whom General Hugo had been ordered to drive from their fastnesses in the Apennines. In his first volumes of poetry he paints the vivid impressions which these objects produced on his observant spirit. In 1809 he returned to Paris, where a romantic incident occurred to interrupt the even tenour of his life. His generous and enthusiastic mother had sheltered at her personal risk a friend of his father's, a fugitive through the conspiracy of Moreau. After an interval of two years, a traitorous tongue revealed the secret of his refuge, and General La Horie was dragged from the hospitable shelter of their roof, and led out to die. In 1811 Madame Hugo and her sons set out for Spain, where the father had been appointed Major-domo in the court of King Joseph, and where Victor himself was to be one of the King's pages. The threatening aspect of affairs, however, soon caused them to change their plans, and the mother and children returned to Paris. At the fall of the Empire in 1814, literature itself degenerated into a species of special pleading, its greatest object being to advocate or deprecate the Royalty or the Empire. The prejudices of France following her taste for uniformity, and the theocratical tendencies of Roman Catholicism, had always been in favour of a regularly organized government. And after the violence of the French Revolution, the people (repenting of their intention to establish an universal despotism of State) returned by a natural instinct to their original notions of royalty, hoping to re-establish the fabulous ideal monarchy which was supposed to have existed under the flattering auspices of St. Louis.

Such was the origin of the Restoration. With an enlightened and moderate king, revolutions would probably have ceased ; but the antipathy to the house of Bourbon was a cruel disadvantage to that dynasty. Madame Hugo, however, knew no moderation. An enthusiastic admirer of Voltaire, and one of those corrupters of princes whose religion is a form of monarchical idolatry, such violent political discussions took place between herself and her

husband, that a separation ensued. During his residence in Paris, Victor was sent by his parents to the Polytechnique, where he remained till 1818. When twelve years old he competed for a poetical prize at the Academy, and lost it through an imprudent acknowledgment of his youth. Inspired by the ardent royalism of his mother, the young poet found more difficulty in subscribing to her barren creed. Turning with disgust from the philosophy of Diderôt and D'Alembert, his interest was soon excited by the enthusiastic writings of the Ultramontanists. In the fervour of his loyalty he composed a classic tragedy—'Itamene'—in which, by means of Egyptian characters, he celebrated the return of the Bourbons. He next addressed a poem to the Academy, *Sur les Avantages de l'Etude*. This produced so favourable an impression, that two of his subsequent compositions were 'crowned' in succession. About this time the precocious boy (whom Chateaubriand had noticed by the name of '*l'enfant sublime*') conceived a tender attachment for a little maiden of infantile appearance. The parents of the two children thought it better to separate them, whereupon Victor Hugo, obedient, but broken-hearted, published his *Premier Soupir*. In 1822 he commenced that series of publications which bore him rapidly to fame. But there was bitterness mingled with the praises which gratified his ambition; for the year before death had deprived him of his proud and high-spirited mother, whose passionate hopes were so closely associated with his success. He, however, consoled himself by actually marrying his Beatrice, the child now grown into a woman, for whom he had been sighing ever since he had worn jackets. To form a clear idea of the literary world in which Victor Hugo had now embarked, it must be remembered that there were two important schools at this time in France: the one was monarchical and religious, including Chateaubriand, Bonald, De Lammenais, Maistre, and Lamartine; and the other consisted of the disciples of Madame de Staël, who protested against the exclusiveness of French taste, and sought aid from Germany, England, or Spain. Victor Hugo, in the enthusiasm of his youth, sympathized with the feelings of the former party; but the formality and precision which distinguished the minds of Chateaubriand and Bonald could not long be agreeable to an independent thinker, for they tended to a Royalism which was to be strongly tinged with absolute power; whilst the theories of De Lammenais, like those of Count Joseph de Maistre, were at this time intimately associated with the support of the Papacy. In the first excesses of his indignation with the Imperial régime, Victor published another volume of 'Odes and Ballads' in vehe-

ment laudation of that unfortunate stout gentleman who had as great a difficulty to protect himself from the vagaries of mad Royalists as from the abuse of frantic Republicans. Louis XVIII., as in duty bound, rewarded M. Hugo's apotheosis with a pension; though this exaggerated offering of boyish enthusiasm was probably as great an enigma to his Majesty as were Mr. Mustard-seed's attentions to the hero of 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'

But M. Hugo's enthusiasm was destined soon to cool. He began already to read in foreign languages, and gave himself especially to the study of Shakspeare. His sympathies enlarged as the field of knowledge opened to his view. He first showed his independence in a drama, which was called 'Cromwell,' and which excited much attention. Between 1828 and 1831 he brought out some of his principal works: *Les Orientales*, *Marion Delorme*, *Hernani*, *Notre Dame de Paris*, and *Les Feuilles d'Automne*. In his preface to 'Cromwell,' he commenced his polemical warfare with the Classicists; this being one of the most brilliant defences of the modern school of the Romanists which exists in the French language. In his *Orientales* he evinced his pictorial skill and mastery over words. In his *Voix Interieures*, the change became more marked. His admiration for kings was replaced by a horror of despotism. From his mystical faith in the papacy he was plunged into a vortex of doubt. His sympathy for the great had given way to compassion for the oppressed. His imagination was more vivid, and there was a dash of irony in his genius which could scarcely be pleasing to persons in high places. He vented his indignation in the badinage of another drama, *Le Roi Amuse*. The performance of this piece was forbidden, and M. Hugo was unsuccessful with his subsequent theatrical attempts. *Les Burgraves* was hissed from the boards; and at last he abandoned the drama, which was little suited to the peculiar style of his genius.

In 1841 he was elected a member of the Academy. In 1845, through the exertions of the Duchess of Orleans, he was raised to the Chamber of Peers. As he identified himself more and more with the politics of the day, he was soon elected a member of the National Assembly. He afterwards established a paper called *L'Événement*, which was violently hostile to General Cavaignac. In his public speeches, which were characterized by great power, he frequently came into collision with the Government. These circumstances occasioned his banishment in 1851. On the fatal 2nd of December he retired to the Channel Islands (having lived since in both Jersey and Guernsey); but this did not happen till he had exposed his own person

in the cause of what he supposed to be Liberty, and had defended her with his speeches.

Even from this solitude he can issue such galling attacks as that of *Napoleon le Petit*; a book written in bitterness and sorrow of heart, and which cannot be judged by the ordinary rules of criticism. In 1853 he published *Les Chatiments*, and in 1856, *Les Contemplations*.

In these volumes the essential qualities of his genius became more apparent. The merit of these poems is not equally sustained; but most of them would be improved by alteration and retrenchment. And though his genius is decidedly lyrical, inasmuch as his character is emotional and sympathetic, it is highly indebted to the refinements of art, and in the best passages there is a sensible exertion of the poet's will. When enthusiasm sweeps over him, and when some noble indignation, or some cause of excitement produces in him that tension of all the faculties which elevates his genius, he is impassioned and grand, but often ill-judging and prejudiced. On the other hand, when the struggle is over, and his way becomes plain and straightforward, his style may be more accurate and faultless, but his genius itself is decayed and weakened. There is also a want of humour in his poetry, and its gravity is almost oppressive. In vain he asserts,—

‘J’aime le rire—
Non le rire ironique aux sarcasmes moqueurs,
Mais le doux rire honnête ouvrant bouches et cœurs.’

In vain he declares,—

‘L'Olympe reste grande en éclatant de rire;
Ne croit pas, que l'esprit du poète descend,
Lorsque entre deux grands vers, un mot passe en dansant.’

We wish M. Hugo would remember his own philosophy, or that his children had taught him some of this healthy laughter—
‘Montrant en même temps, des âmes, et des perles.’

The *Contemplations* is a sort of anatomical autobiography, representing various phases of the poet's inner experiences. It is unsatisfactory, as such books of self-introspection generally are when they minister to that morbid taste already too common in our times. It comprises an imaginary history of joys, of sufferings, of doubts, and of confidences, interpolated with conjectures on death and eternity. These doubts gather strength for themselves by leading him further and further into the maze of helpless conjecture.

Bitter are the laments over—

‘La mort, spectre sans yeux,
Frappants sur les meilleurs, les coups mystérieux.’

But still more bitter are his complaints over the sufferings of the poor. 'O,' he cries, in a strain of noble indignation, 'la faim est le crime public! C'est l'immense assassin qui sort de nos ténèbres.' Then again he exclaims,—

'Qui grince les dents? L'homme. Et qui pleure? La mère.
 Qui sanglote? La vierge aux yeux hagards et doux.
 Qui dit? J'ai froid. L'aïeule. Et qui dit? J'ai faim. Tous.'

These sympathies with the helpless and afflicted seem to have attracted M. Hugo to a sort of Communism, which, under the specious name of Socialism, has long been making rapid inroads in France. In a late exposition of his political creed, he declares, 'A certain degree of poverty must be suppressed in the social order, and a certain degree of ambition in the political order. Let us have no more paupers and no more monarchs.' We feel for M. Hugo. We cannot but admire that tender and sensitive disposition which is stung almost to madness by witnessing the oppression of the weak. But manly and generous as his sentiments may be, we cannot hope for a regeneration of modern society by the revival of theories which, in the 16th century, covered Germany with bloodshed and confusion, under such leaders as John of Leyden and Godfrey of Berlingen. The modern dreamers, Fourier and Considerant, have effected nothing by the revival of these doctrines; and could the Utopian theories of M. Louis Blanc be carried into practice, they would undermine the most sacred of social ties, and cause democracy to conspire against society itself.

But chimerical as some of his other productions had been, his prelude to a proposed work on a gigantic scale, entitled the 'Legend of the Ages,'* which appeared in 1859, surpassed them all in audacity and in its wild and sombre painting. He deigned to explain that this gallery was to consist of human profiles, taken at all periods, from barbarism to civilization, from Eve to the Revolution. And truly these half-faces reminded us of the old gloomy profiles which were cut out of black paper for the edification of our grandmothers, before man was allowed the luxury of being caricatured in photography.

M. Hugo nowhere has recourse to etching. He does not care to render the true relations of colour. Still less do we find a single portrait—as the Italians would say, *sfumato*, breathed out—in that delicate outlineness style which charms us in Correggio. But his brush revels in Rembrandt-like light and shade. Sometimes he even forgets the trap-door, which the Dutch miser remembered to leave open to let in an occasional glint of

* *La Légende des Siècles.* 2 tom. 1859.

sunlight ; and sometimes we have the unnatural, lurid tints of a painting of Poole's—an atmosphere that is neither of the day nor of the night. His faces are expressive, but it is the drawn, intensified expression so familiar to us in Pre-Raphaelite designs—expressions fierce or agonized, hard or hysterical.

The 'Legend of the Ages' was also characterized by that blind adoration for physical force so remarkable in the writings of the 'Body v. Mind' school ; whilst the author appeared to be infected with the theories of the modern Hegelians, and was occasionally led on, like Giordano Bruno, to be a sort of apologist for evil.

History, as Lamartine has remarked, should be to a nation what the faculty of memory is to an individual—a line of unity and continuity between yesterday and to-day ; a truthful bas-relief of human nature—whilst fiction in its highest form is the grand and perpetual story of the world itself, repeated from age to age ; the epic of man, and the poem of the Almighty. Precisely such a world-epic did M. Hugo's poem purport to be. It was to be the story of human progress, and was to portray 'L'homme montant des ténèbres à l'idéal, la transfiguration paradisiaque de l'enfer terrestre, et l'éclosion lente et suprême de la liberté.'

It is undoubtedly impossible to escape the influence of fiction, or improvable tradition, upon the real events of history, which we all read, more or less, through the glasses of Homer, Shakespeare, or Scott. Who can maintain with certainty that Froude's Henry VIII., or Macaulay's William III., are truer portraits than Scott's Louis VI. and Dumas' Marie Antoinette ?

Supposing accuracy and honesty on the part of the narrator, much will still depend on the peculiar character of the historian's mind, or on the particular tenets of the school in which he has been educated. That religion will bias history in a thousand ways, we have sufficient evidence in the writings of Hume, Gibbon, and Lingard. The historian will unavoidably be influenced by his prejudices of country, government, fashion, or politics ; and as to the Greek all other men were barbarians, whilst Livy heaped up impossible accounts of the Roman triumphs, so Victor Hugo, animated by an immoderate hatred of royalty, delights to blacken the names of the potentates of the past.

In the volumes which are published at present, he gives us the *historical* portion of the legend. The grand orchestral movement which opens the poem, is called the 'Consecration of Woman,' and consists in a confused *mélange* of sounds and noises, which leave an unpleasant sensation on the ear. M. Hugo has failed in his attempt to simulate the voices of nature. The French language is singularly ill-adapted for the imitation of

sound. Neither Southey's 'Falls of Lodore,' nor Edgar Poe's 'Bells,' could have been written by a foreigner. Having left Eve, the dismal concert is continued by a lugubrious symphony on the fate of *Cain the fratricide*. This biblical story, told in the exaggerated style of Eastern romance, and reminding us of some of the mysterious orations in the Koran, is so good an example of the colossal *grandioso* manner which M. Hugo has seen fit to adopt in these poems, and of the liberties he takes with Holy writ, that it may be worth while to transcribe it in a free translation.

' CONSCIENCE.

' Muffled in skins of beasts, each ragged form,
Cain and his children, braved the howling storm.
Amid th' oblivious shades, to hide his shame,
Ghastly he fled. When evening fell he came
Where, 'mid the rugged soil, its giant head
A tow'ring mount upheaved. "Lie here," he said;
"We need no softer couch." His sons o'erwrought,
And fainting wife, soon slept. He watched and thought.
Raising his head 'neath the funereal sky,
Piercing through night, he saw an open Eye,
Fixed, stern, immense; which through all shadows gazed.
"I am too near," he said, and trembling raised
His sleeping sons and weary wife, and fled
Through the chaotic wilds in nameless dread.
Breathless and pale, starting at every sound,
Not daring to take rest, not looking round,
For thirty days he fled, and reached the land
Where ebbing waters laved round Assur's strand.
"Here let us rest," said he, "and take our ease;
Earth has her limits in these crystal seas."
But as he rested, 'mid the pallid skies,
Full-orbed, he saw that Eye gigantic rise,
And all his frame with shudd'ring tremours shook.
"Hide me!" he cried; and at his frenzied look
Awe-struck and still, his children stared aghast.
Parent of those whose lives in tents are passed,
'Neath lurid skies, pitched on the scorching sand,
Cain soon to Jabel signed—"This side expand
The cordage of thy tent." The floating wall,
Poised on its leaden weights, soon shadowed all.
"There's nothing now?" asked Tsilla, fair-haired child
Of his rough son, with glance like morning mild.
And Cain replied, "The eye is ever there."
Sire of those who charm the formless air
To speak through pipe and horn in dulcet sounds,
Jubal then cried, "Let's raise up iron bounds!"
He built a wall of a gigantic height,
Where Cain was hid as in the realms of night;
But yet he said, "That Eye looks at me still."
Enoch uprose: "We'll build a citadel
So strong and terrible, so grim and high,
That fiends below, nor angels venture nigh,

T' approach its brazen gates." Tubalcain came
 (Father of forgers he, with giant frame),
 And built a dimlit town, ungainly, vast,
 With turrets black, that frowned at all who passed,
 And while he worked, his brothers on the shore,
 Grappling with sons of Seth and Enos, swore
 To blind the sight of those who ventured near;
 And did the night with silent eyes appear,
 They aimed their arrows at the quiet stars.
 A roof of granite ribbed with iron bars
 Replaced the tent, and each colossal stone
 Was knit with iron bands. O'er all was thrown
 Tartarian shade, so chilling and so black
 That flowers drooped and died; while not a crack
 Within the gloomy walls let in the light.
 'Twas as the mouth of hell; and Stygian night
 On fields around had cast a deadening blight.
 The walls were thick as mountains. On the door
 They wrote, "Avaunt! God enters here no more."
 And when the work was strong, and girt with fence,
 They placed their father where the gloom was dense,
 Beneath the ramparts in a secret place.
 With throbbing heart he stayed, and haggard face,
 Till trembling Tsilla asked, "Oh! father dear,
 Is the Eye gone?" He shudd'ring said, "'Tis here,"
 Then whispered dreadful words. "The grave has room;
 The dead have rest. Like mouldering corpse in tomb
 I'll dwell beneath the earth. I shall not see
 Where worms are blind." They made a fosse, and he
 Exclaimed, "'Tis well!" descending in its shade;
 Yet when the vault was closed, and when he stayed
 Lone in the grave with memory's gnawing pain,
 That silent Eye was there, and looked at Cain.'

From this the story passes quickly through Scripture history. Some pages are devoted to the account of the hoary-headed prophet in the lion's den, whilst in others it lingers with tenderness over the pastoral episode of Ruth and Boaz, and gives a simple account of the raising of Lazarus. Then, with a cursory notice of Androcles, it passes with singular abruptness to the flight of the Hegira, and thence to the Christian heroical era.

The important history of the Pentateuch, and the progress of the Semitic races, are passed over as if they are of no more importance than childish fables. The polytheism of the Greeks and Romans is disregarded as easily as the monotheism of the Hebrews. We have no mention of the Homeric age, when men woke from the dreams of imagination to the activity of war, and no account of the philosophical researches of Plato and Socrates. The sublime rôle of the ancient prophets, the period of the Kings of Israel, the wars of Alexander, or the decline of ancient Rome, are alike indifferent to our poetical historian.

We are quickly transported through the Gospel history, and through the legends of Mussulmen, till we find ourselves face to face with M. Hugo's favourite subject, Roland and chivalry. The ideal pictures and fanciful creations which follow are, undoubtedly, more adapted to the style of M. Hugo's fantastic genius than important theological subjects, and hence we come to them with a feeling of relief. His imagination in these strange poems, as in some of the scenes of *Les Misérables*, delights to triumph over his senses and his reason, and to revel in artificial excitement. But M. Hugo should not usurp the functions of a theologian, since, by his own confession, he is himself in search of convictions. In the new interest on religious questions which has been lately excited in France, there is a fatal tendency to exalt a spirit of criticism in the place of earnest faith. The critic thinks himself justified in perpetual hesitation. Decision appears to him to be childish and unmanly. Remembering the saying of Aristotle that the 'act of searching is in itself discovery,' such a *dilettante* excuses himself from fixed opinions, fancying that any new element of knowledge may modify the whole of his belief. There is serious danger in any inquiry which is merely curious, or in that flippancy which treats religious beliefs as mere phases of human progress. M. Hugo illustrates this state of feeling when he tells us that a man is blessed of God not for having found truth, but for having sought it; and just as Bias of Priene held it to be irrational to desire immortality, so the modern Frenchman only dares to look forward to the sleep or rest of the grave. What can be more sad than the uncertainty of such a longing described in these words?—

‘Je ne demande désormais,
A la création immense,
Qu'un peu de silence et de paix.’

The danger to be apprehended from the empiricism of any writer is precisely in proportion to his power over the minds of others; and knowing the immense popularity of M. Hugo, we regret his evident leaning to the opinion of Strauss, *i.e.*, that all belief must submit to the law of development. Like the Romans, he would enrol the Saviour of the world amongst its gods, but never give Him undivided worship. Like Emerson, he would look upon Confucius, Zoroaster, Moses, Socrates, Mohammed, and Christ, as successive stages of intellectual progression. At one time we find him enthusiastic on the Gospel story, and willing to exclaim with Ernest Renan, 'Eternal beauty will live for ever in that Divine name,' and at another

he is ready to put these blasphemous words without comment into the mouth of Washington Irving's favourite hero:—

‘Je suis la force enfants : Jésus fut la douceur.
Le soleil a toujours l'aube pour précurseur,
Jésus m'a précédé, mais il n'est pas la cause.’

Better leave these sacred subjects from being introduced into the legendary poems and wild romances of our day! In these respects we think with Novalis, that there is in the highest minds a holy shame, a feeling of profanation, by which all sensitive natures would protect their most solemn feelings from the intermeddling of the vulgar. Religion, friendship, and love, are subjects which should not be mentioned irreverently; for we should tread softly and speak low when we approach hallowed ground.

Some few of our readers may, perhaps, be surprised to hear, that whilst the sentimental Deism too prevalent at present in France, is repudiated by all earnest Ultramontanes and straightforward Gallicans, there are many amongst their ranks who do not hesitate to denounce Protestantism as the principal cause of the evil, and to accuse the Reformation of undermining the very foundations of religion.

These critics are ready to remark that the Bible is the exclusive source of religious knowledge to the English Protestant, and inveigh against the uncertainty of private judgment. The difficulty with which Roman Catholic theology is forced to cope, is that of proving the infallibility of ecclesiastical authority; but (in a recent article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, on the ‘Essays and Reviews’) M. Edmond Scherer* observes, with triumph, that Protestantism has to deal with a problem as difficult, in proving the infallibility of words and sentences in Holy Scripture. It reminds him, he remarks (with more wit than discrimination), of the old Hindoo fable: the earth reposes on the elephant; the elephant stands on the tortoise; but how is the tortoise itself to be supported? In the same spirit other Roman Catholic critics have drawn attention, with ill-concealed elation, to the various speculative interpretations which modern Protestant divines have assigned to Scripture. The works of German theologians, they observe, at first excited only indignation and horror amongst the sober-minded English; but little by little some adventurous spirit made an advance towards facing the monster of mysticism, and confidence was revived by the examples of earnest and truth-seeking men like Coleridge, Hale and Arnold. Protestantism, they say, may not perish in this

* *Revue des Deux Mondes*, May, 1861.

formidable contest, for Protestantism itself is an abstraction, but it is Christianity in its largest sense which is imperilled when revelation becomes subject to such various interpretations. At first sight, it has been admitted, this gradual emancipation of belief from barren dogma, and the supposed corresponding progress of spiritual religion, appears to be a pleasant and easy method of maintaining an equilibrium between intellect and piety, reason and faith. We imagine that all difficulties have been overcome, and picture to ourselves the religious future of humanity in a kind of Christian rationalism, or rational Christianity; which, without excluding reverence, leaves full liberty to freedom of thought. 'I desire nothing better for myself,' remarks M. Scherer; 'but I cannot help asking with some anxiety if Christian rationalism be actually religion, and if that which remains in the crucible after this elaborate process be indeed the essence of positive dogmas, or merely the *caput mortuum*. Will that Christianity which has become transparent to the intellect, and conformable to the reason and conscience of the natural man, bear much analogy to the original Christianity of the Bible?' Will not religion itself be destroyed and sacrificed in the supposed progress of humanity?

These are serious questions, which have been, perhaps, suggested as much by the attitude of Protestants abroad as by the imprudence of others in our own country. In a practical and thoughtful work, recently published by M. Samuel Vincent,* it was admitted to be advisable that French Protestantism should adapt itself as much as possible to the exigences of the age. It was urged that the authors of the Reformation in France had erred by a want of toleration, and by placing the Bible in the place of the Pope. The evil of dogmatism was clearly admitted, and free discussion was warmly advocated as desirable and necessary. With tacit union on essentials, why, it was said, should there not be toleration as to non-essentials? Unity is possible with perfect liberty, whilst diversity is a principle of active and healthy life. The pretended infallibility of the Church of Rome has ever been its most fatal mistake. 'Is there not always,' asks M. Scherer, 'an element of superstition, and a fondness for marvellous legends, in all true piety?' We answer, Decidedly not. Superstition, as Whately has remarked, does not so much signify an 'excess of religion,' as a 'misdirection of religious feeling;' it errs not from too much faith, but from the want of it. We make many objects of worship, and crave for confident repose even in pleasing delusions, when we would

* *Du Protestantisme en France.* Samuel Vincent.

avoid the safety and grandeur of unvarnished truth, and yield to a propensity to serve God 'by proxy.' On this subject we can refer our readers to no wiser critic or abler writer than the liberal-minded and earnest M. Guizot. The political and literary career of François Pierre Guizot is too familiar to the general public to need more than a cursory notice here. François Guizot belonged to an honourable Protestant family, who, after having suffered many mortifications through the religious intolerance of the old *régime*, were cruelly attacked at the time of the Revolution. He was born at Nismes, in 1787. When the child was only seven years old, his father suffered martyrdom on the scaffold, and his affrighted mother fled for refuge to Geneva, where her son received a liberal classical education. In 1805 he returned to Paris, and was married, in 1812, to Mdlle. Pauline de Meulan, who was fourteen years his senior, but whose influence with the royalist party opened the way for the position which he afterwards occupied in public life. His first *début* in literature—in the form of short critical notices on the works of Chateaubriand—excited much attention; and from the year 1809, when he published his first 'Dictionary of French Synonyms,' to the present day, through all the disturbances of an active and eventful political career, M. Guizot has continued to enrich the literature of his native country with criticisms and historical disquisitions of no mean value. Through all the temptations of life M. Guizot has continued firm to the religion in which he was educated. He tells us in his last work, that he is a Protestant not only by birth, but by conviction. His experience of life and his study of history have only decided him to cling the closer to the faith of his childhood. His first wife embraced Protestantism upon her death-bed, and peacefully breathed her last whilst her husband was reading Bossuet's sermon on the 'Immortality of the Soul.' We cannot enlarge in this short space upon his subsequent political struggles, and numerous historical works. The reader will find the best account of them in a work published in the year 1860, entitled, 'Reminiscences to illustrate the History of my Times.'* M. Guizot has been accused, not without some reason, of a want of ease in his style of writing, of an excessive love of generalities, and a tendency to substitute arbitrary laws and favourite theories in the place of legitimate facts. Few, however, of these faults are apparent in his latest and most useful work on the state of the 'Christian Church and Christian Society in 1861.† Had not this book been already rendered accessible

* *Mémoires pour Servir à l'Histoire de Mon Temps.* M. Guizot. 1860.

† *L'Eglise et la Société Chrétienne en 1861.* M. Guizot.

to the English reader, we should be tempted to linger longer on the subject-matter of its interesting pages, but must now pass it with only a cursory notice. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that M. Guizot writes of the Christian Church in its larger and more extended sense. It is not that he looks with indifference upon the various opinions and forms of worship which distinguish the Christian world. Like Hezekiah, on the contrary, he would not only put down false gods, but rites for serving God in a false manner. But M. Guizot is no advocate for a deceptive and apparent unity; and he believes that the human race is destined to labour and struggle in the search of truth, and that absolute repose and permanent peace in one uniform conviction is contrary to its nature, and incompatible with its liberty of thought.

With M. Scherer, he thinks that at the present time Christianity is threatened at its base, by the determined attacks of materialism, rationalism, and historical scepticism. In past times—in the 15th and 18th centuries more especially—the Church has survived these attacks, but the members of its communion have suffered bitterly in the contest.

‘Important subjects,’ remarks M. Ernest Renan (one of the most strenuous advocates of the new and so-called liberal opinions), ‘have always been embraced by the human spirit in diverse points of view, and each age, according to its different degrees of culture, sees something to estimate in others. The more we look upon the past, and those who differ from us in the present, without conventional and pre-occupied minds, the more we see to admire; for “*La science est la première condition de l’admiration sérieuse.*”’ M. Colani (another advocate for the theory that truth is subjective, and wears its different aspect to every man) writes in this hesitating strain: ‘My ideas, my opinions upon the Gospel, seem to me to be true; but something tells me that they are imperfect, incomplete, that they respond to a peculiar condition of soul, that experience may modify them, and that if they suit me now, the period may not be far off when they will cease to satisfy me entirely; and that consequently they can only really satisfy those souls who find themselves in the same condition as myself at this moment, those who have the same tendencies and the same intellectual wants.’ ‘Whence,’ asks M. Guizot, ‘does this anxiety arise?’ Is it not, as Montesquieu would have expressed it, that these men accomplish more than they intend; that in the blows they aim at religious dogmatism they endanger the safety of the whole edifice, and that the human soul may become utterly bewildered, and perish itself with the loss of its faith?

He proceeds to point out the two greatest injuries which the Christian Church is likely to suffer in these days of daring and presumptuous inquiry. The first form of attack he considers to be aimed against a belief in the supernatural, and the latter to be the attempt to deprive us of a living and personal Deity, and to supply us instead with a meaningless abstraction—a mere invention of the human intellect. Sir Thomas Browne, the author of *Religio Medici*, in his struggle between the power of the intellect and imagination, was a Christian by conscience rather than by intelligence. He was very ready to believe in invisible causes, and complained that there were scarcely enough mysteries in religion to satisfy an active faith. Like Tertullian, he would have said, 'Certum est, quia impossibile est,' declaring that since he had once learned his own utter ignorance, his reason had been supple to the will of his faith. Very different is the feeling of ordinary believers in the present day, who seek before everything to find a fixed point in their religion to which they may pin their uncertainties, and who embrace the positive with the greatest contentment, being greedy to assure themselves of the reality of the visible, without having a profound consciousness of the limits of human intelligence. Even flippant Voltaire could say,—

‘Par delà tous ces cieux, le Dieu des cieux rèside.’

And the God who is above all the heavens must be a supernatural Being, and not nature personified. ‘Without an instinctive faith in the supernatural, and without a craving after something higher than itself, religion,’ says M. Guizot, ‘would mean nothing, and would be deprived of its sustenance and existence.’ ‘Christianity rationalized,’ remarks a modern writer, ‘the Gospel divested of its mysteries, would be the quenching of all the higher aspirations of the soul.’ ‘To think that God is as we would wish him to be,’ adds Sir William Hamilton, ‘is actual blasphemy.’ The fact is that the susceptibility of the mind, or its capacity for receiving truth, depends on the temper and the heart, even more than on the state of the intellect. The understanding may be so blinded by circumstance or by prejudice as to meet with darkness in the daytime, and to grope in noonday as in night. But there is much meaning in the old saying of Augustine, ‘So receive that thou mayst deserve to understand; for faith ought to precede the understanding, so that the understanding may be the reward of faith.’ Some remarks by the late Mr. Robertson seem to us so appropriate on this subject, that we cannot forbear quoting them. ‘Eternal truth,’ he said, ‘is not reached by

hearsay, and is not reached by sight. It is in vain that we ransack the world for probable evidences of God, and hypotheses of his existence. It is idle to look into the materialism of man for the revelation of his immortality. But if a man goes into the eternal world with convictions of its eternity, and with the resurrection of God himself in his spirit, he will find abundant corroboration of what he already believes.' It is with regret that we are compelled to hasten over M. Guizot's concluding chapters on the state of Roman Catholicism and Protestantism at present in France, on the struggle which is taking place in Italy, and on the future prospects of religious liberty. Commending them to the notice of our readers, we pass on to the cursory consideration of a few of the later publications in German literature.

Among the recent fictitious writings we may draw attention to the novels and historical romances of Madame Clara Mundt, who, under the cognomen of Louise Mullbach, is a prolific contributor to the literature of her native country. Her most recent productions are, 'Frederick the Great and his Court,'* 'Leopold the Second and his Times,'† and the 'World and Nature,'‡ a story of modern life. The first two romances are chiefly remarkable for their daring attempt to combine history with fiction; whilst the latter records the sentimental experiences of modern heroes and heroines. Very different in style are two volumes by Heinrich G. F. Mahler, called 'Essays and Pictures; or, Cheerful Studies,'§ and written in the jocose and flippant strain which has lately become popular. Amongst the numerous subjects which are discussed in these various sketches, we have elaborate disquisitions on the delights of tobacco-smoking, on the pleasures and miseries of crinoline, and two chapters entitled respectively, the 'Modern Believer,' and the 'Modern Unbeliever.' In these last it seems to have suited the purpose of the writer to impute to the old-fashioned Christianity of times past all the 'vices of hypocrisy and lawlessness, as well as the most oppressive solemnity;' whilst the modern unbeliever (whose soul is in a sea of doubt, and whose mind, having no centre of rest, may gravitate towards every system) is lauded for his simplicity and guilelessness, if not for his ideal excellence. This may be very amusing, but such empiricism in a writer of fiction may possibly be most injurious. True it is that Com-

* *Friedrich der Grosse und sein Hof.* 2 bde.

† *Kaiser Leopold der Zweite und seine Zeit.* 3 bde.

‡ *Welt und Natur.* 1862.

§ Mahler (Heinrich G. F.) *Pieta und Heitere Studien.* 2 bde.

mon sense repudiates the doctrine that this earth is nothing but a 'vale of tears.' It cries out in indignation against a system of ethics which would make the motive of all goodness to consist in virtue performed merely for the sake of eternal happiness, or excuse a dangerous dallying with temptation under the notion of a fancied spiritual security. But Christianity is not to be accused of this, and it is unwise and illogical to write stories and ground theories upon such delusions. M. Mahler evidently prides himself on his propensity for looking on the laughing side of life. But he must not forget that we all see the world and colour it according to our own experience, and that nothing is a truer index of character than the different opinions which different minds form of happiness and sorrow. Some men have naturally that keen susceptibility of organization which causes them to suffer daily from the jarring vibrations of those fine wires of undefinable feeling which every breath can shake. Such a man's enlarged sources of knowledge may have forced him to sympathize with those thousand calamities which daily afflict humanity. Add to this that fatal over-consciousness which seems to be the characteristic of the German mind, or the faults of character derived from bodily infirmity, and we have an easy explanation of those miserable whining existences which throw a chill over the spirits of children, and by presenting them with an untrue and distasteful view of religion, supply them with the surest motives for scepticism in after years. Our lives are saintly in proportion as they are lives of praise. But we—whose contentment is often but a passive form of thankfulness—should be slow to condemn others for indulging in a fretful spirit of impatience, in which we might have shared ourselves had our experience been the same.

M. Mahler seems to have adopted from other countries that excitable flippancy which often produces weariness and reaction. The perpetual laughter of Scarron and others is not always enlivening. There are merry books which, as Mrs. Browning says, 'set you weeping when the sun shines,' and merry tones which are so evidently assumed, that by suggestion they cause sadness. Wit and banter are often resorted to as a resource for hiding deep feeling and preventing real earnestness; whilst the noblest thoughts seen invariably in one light may become objects for a humorous smile. Madame Mundt, in her historical romances (amongst which we may mention '*Napoleon and Blücher*,'* which is on the whole cleverly written, and abounds with scenes of interest), affords a better exemplification of the sentimental manner of the national

* *Napoleon und Blücher*. 3 bde.

novels. There is usually a calm, stolid feature in the German character, a certain slowness of perception, and a dulness in appreciating jokes, which makes their romantic style heavy and uniform. Many of those laboured German novels would horrify the English pleasure-seeker. They are not novels so much as wearisome disquisitions and metaphysical reflections, utterly deficient in that *bel esprit* which the French suppose to be the acme of good taste. The *naïveté* of their exaggerated sentimentality is often highly ludicrous. These honest writers are so much in earnest themselves that they do not seem to contemplate the possibility of their exaggerated metaphors and deep expressions of sorrow sounding unreasonable to any of their readers. John Bull has less confidence in human sympathy; he has a horror of being laughed at, and checks himself in his most romantic flights, to think how ridiculous he may appear. He suspects the most ordinary birds of being pecking daws, and refuses to wear 'his heart upon his sleeve.'

V.

THE EPISTLES OF ST. JOHN.

NEAR the end of the New Testament we find three short compositions of St. John, two of them very short, placed apart from his other writings. They are usually called epistles; though this term can only be applied to the first in an accommodated sense, as it does not bear the usual marks of a letter. It has no address at the commencement, according to the custom of former times; no salutations at the end; no mention of any particular church, people, or private individual. These characteristics of a letter are found in all the proper 'epistles' of the New Testament, including the two last of John's short writings. The *first*, therefore, bears a form peculiar to itself, and also differs from the 'general epistles' of St. Peter and St. James, in being limited to a certain class of subjects. These peculiarities seem to substantiate the opinion, that it was a kind of pastoral address, written for the benefit of the churches in the district of Ephesus, where the beloved disciple generally lived during the latter years of his life. He would naturally take a peculiar interest in the welfare of these churches, and watch over them with a fatherly care and authority.

The 'First Epistle' of John has all the familiarity, ease, and point which we might expect to find in a pastoral address from a primitive bishop to the members of a flock with whom he had

been long acquainted, and most of whom he had personally instructed in the ways of godliness. His use of the fatherly and endearing epithet, 'My little children,' would have been inappropriate under other circumstances. Christ addressed his disciples in this manner; and St. Paul applied the same term in writing to the Galatians, whom he had been the means of converting to the obedience of the faith. At other times the apostles use the words, 'brethren,' 'beloved,' 'dearly beloved,' 'whom I love in the truth.' But the name of 'little children' implies a spiritual relationship of a close and continuous character. So in this treatise, when St. John is giving particular instructions to the church, he speaks to 'fathers, young men, and little children;' not to persons placed in different circumstances and exposed to different kinds of evil. He addresses them as if he were one of themselves, but their senior; not as if he were writing to strangers. He speaks to them as if he were near them, or only separated from them for a short time. This may be gathered from such sentiments as the following: 'That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have *fellowship* with us;' 'They went out *from us*, but they were not of us;' 'Little children, abide in him, that when he shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming' (chap. i. 3, and ii. 19, 28). The first of these passages seems to imply that the apostle held personal intercourse of a spiritual kind with that church; and the last, that that was under some official responsibility in connection with them.

St. John's addressing the whole church as 'little children,' although there were 'fathers' amongst them, implies a great disparity of age between himself and the people to whom he wrote, and is a strong argument for the 'epistle' having been written in a very advanced season of life. The principal reason for a contrary hypothesis is grounded on the expression, 'Because ye have known him that is from the beginning.' But this immediately follows, 'Because ye have known the Father,' and is synonymous with it, and by no means indicates a personal acquaintance with the Lord Jesus Christ when on earth. Surely, also, it requires some stretch of imagination to suppose that the declaration, 'It is the last time,' points out the near destruction of Jerusalem. On the contrary, as there is not a word in any of these epistles about the Jews or the Jewish law, which were the great stumbling-blocks in the time of St. Paul, we infer that the Mosaic economy was swept away with the desolation of Jerusalem, and that Judaizing teachers were now silenced by this awful visitation of God. Errors of a different kind had now

sprung up in the Christian Church, and it is to these that John refers in his 'epistles.' This is distinctly averred in the Second Epistle, verse 7, which may be compared with verse 18, chap. ii., of the First Epistle. 'Many deceivers are entered into the world, who confess not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh. This is a deceiver and an antichrist.' 'Even now are there many antichrists.' There are other reasons, to which we shall hereafter allude, for believing that these two epistles were written about the same time, and the epithet, 'the elder,' which John applies to himself in the second, agrees with our supposition that he wrote these letters in very advanced age. If so, he wrote them during the period when he was 'elder' of the Ephesians; probably a short time before his banishment to Patmos, or soon after his return.

There is a marked congruity between the contents of this pastoral address and the message sent to the Ephesian Church by Jesus Christ, in Revelation, chap. ii. Nearly the whole of the latter is contained in the former. The apostle enjoins, 'Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they are of God.' Christ says, 'Thou hast tried them which say they are apostles, and are not, and hast found them liars.' The apostle speaks of the utter and distinctive separation which exists between the children of God and men of the world, both in principles and practice. Christ says, 'Thou canst not bear them which are evil.' He also acknowledges their good 'works,' about which John wrote so strongly, and that they 'hated the deeds of the Nicolaitanes,' who may have been those spoken of by John as the Antinomian teachers, who 'went out from us.' 'Love' is the great burden of the epistle, whilst the Lord complains, 'I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love.' John speaks of 'the light,' and 'walking in the light;' so Christ threatens to 'remove the candlestick.' John talks much of 'the life' which is seen and partaken of by believers; and Christ promises, 'To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life.' Once more: we learn that John was banished from Ephesus to Patmos, probably by the persecuting edict of Domitian in A.D. 95 (which was reversed by Nerva, about a year afterwards), which coincides with the words of Christ to the Church, that they had 'borne' and had 'patience' for his sake.

John appears to have had his first residence in Jerusalem, and to have left it, according to Christ's injunction, before it was invested by the Roman army, and afterwards to have retired to Ephesus, where he spent the greater part of his remaining life, amounting to about thirty years. This will allow for his being

an 'elder' amongst them, and for his style of addressing them as 'his children.' Other casual expressions, such as, 'Keep yourselves from idols,' and 'The whole world lieth in the wicked one,' agree well with the idolatry and character of the inhabitants of Ephesus. Let us suppose, then, that this was a short tract, or pastoral address, sent to the churches of this neighbourhood by their venerable 'elder,' approaching the hundredth year of his age, either during a temporary absence from them, or during a season of bodily infirmity, when he was unable to address them in person. Then do the contents of this 'epistle' admirably agree with the circumstances of the case, and the emergency of the times, as they do with the Lord's direct message to 'the angel of the Church of Ephesus.'

The 'beloved disciple' was the great apostle of *love*. He knew what it meant; for he had lain on the bosom of his Lord, and had imbibed this holy principle from that Divine heart, where it glowed with a pity and tenderness that never animated a mere mortal breast. In that last discourse of the Saviour, he spoke more of love than he had ever done before; and John alone of the Evangelists has recorded the substance of that solemn teaching. Its very words were indelibly written in his heart, and imbued his future thoughts and expressions. It might be curious to trace the perfect resemblance existing between that discourse of Jesus Christ (including his intercessory prayer) and the 'First Epistle' of St. John. The principal topics in both are, the love of God, loving one another, keeping the commandments, the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, intimate communion with God, the privilege of prayer, with an assurance of its being answered, and a future life of bliss. John had treasured up these subjects in his memory, had received all their holy influence, and lived in their enjoyment; and now, when he was shortly about to quit this earthly tabernacle, he puts them into a familiar treatise, for the edification of the churches over which he has presided, and for the benefit of future generations.

'Love' is the main burden of his pastoral address—the love of God, pure, rich, free, and operative. We should contemplate this love Divine, look at it by its own light, receive its sanctifying grace, and show its power by loving one another 'in deed and in truth.' But this love of God is only seen in Christ, and comes to us through him alone, who is the God-man, the only begotten Son of the Father. John had no idea of Divine love apart from Christ. It was 'manifested' to us through the Saviour. Its intensity was seen in Christ's dying for us, a 'propitiation for our sins.' We can only love God when we understand this gift of his Son, and believe in or trust to him

for salvation. John insists that we must receive this doctrine of Christ, or else we make God a liar. Again, 'Who is a liar, but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ?' or 'the Messiah.' 'He is antichrist that denieth the Father and the Son.'

The 'doctrine of Christ,' according to John, includes his Divine and human natures, his atonement for sin, and the offices which he still performs on our behalf. As Jesus had declared that he 'came out from God and should return to God' (John xvi. 27, 28), that he lived with the Father, and was glorified with him before the world was (John xvii. 5, 24), so John distinctly affirms the necessity of our believing in Christ as the true Son of the true God (1 John ii. 22, 23; iii. 23; v. 9, 10, 20). Here he had to warn his people against some errors of the Gnostics, especially those imbibed by the Cerinthians and Docetæ. The former did not acknowledge the Creator of this world and God of the Jews as the pure and true God, nor Christ as *his* Son. They supposed that the Creator, or Demiurge, was an inferior emanation from the Divine nature, part of the true light having mingled itself with a degree of darkness or pollution that it might come in contact with matter which they held to be essentially evil. Hence John insists that the Word whom they had seen, handled, and heard, who 'was with the Father,' and was 'manifested' to men, was 'from the beginning;' that he was the only begotten Son of the Father, who is the true God, who 'is light, and in him is no darkness at all.' Thus, he at once denounced the curious fables of the Cerinthians (or their predecessors), whom he unhesitatingly called 'liars.' Their dogmas were mere philosophical fictions.

The Docetæ, in particular, denied that 'Christ came in the flesh;' maintaining that an æon united himself for a season with the man Jesus, but left him before his crucifixion. John denominates this pretended philosophy, 'The spirit of antichrist' (1 John iv. 2, 3; also 2 John vii.)

Some commentators think that the whole design of John in writing these epistles was to controvert the false doctrines of the Gnostics. Yet he does not argue against them; he only denounces them with apostolic authority; and they form but a small portion of the contents of this pastoral address. Is it not a nobler view of the subject to suppose that the apostle wished to display before the mind and memory of his people the glorious excellence of 'love,' coming from the Father through the Son, by the Holy Ghost shedding itself in the human heart, and spreading abroad through the world, and, whilst doing so, to guard them against those sophistries which would inevitably prevent their obtaining this heavenly grace?

On account of the Divine and human nature of Christ, his *atonement* for sin was all-sufficient, his *intercession* on our behalf is complete, and he is the *means of uniting* believers with the Father. These important topics are set forth by John in almost the same language as they were first taught by the Saviour. (The atonement, 1 John ii. 1, and iv. 10, 14, compared with John xv. 13; x. 11, 15; iii. 14—17. The intercession, 1 John ii. 1, compared with John xiv. 16, &c. The means of union, 1 John i. 3; ii. 24; iv. 15; v. 11, 12, 20; compared with John xiv. 6, 7, 9, 20, 23; xv. 1—9; xvi. 27; xvii. 3, 6, 10, 21, 22, 23.) We have, therefore, all the fundamental principles of the Gospel taught by John in this 'epistle,' in which he was exhibiting the love of God; and a belief in these doctrines is declared by him as necessary to our participating in the benefits of that love.

The Holy Ghost shows this love to the believer, and imparts its virtue to his heart. Here, again, the beloved disciple follows the teaching of his Divine Master. For as Christ promised that he would send the 'Comforter' (or Advocate) to 'dwell in' his disciples, to 'testify of' himself, and to 'teach them all things,' so John writes, 'Hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us:' 'He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself:' 'Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things:' 'The same anointing teacheth you of all things.'

When the love of God is thus 'shed abroad in our heart by the Holy Ghost which is given us' (Rom. v. 5), it produces its own Divine effects in our soul, and the fruits of love in our life and conversation. The chief of these are spoken of by John, after the manner of his Lord. 1. *Our heart loves God.* 'We love him because he first loved us;' and 'He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God.' Christ had said, 'The Father himself loveth you, because ye have loved me:' 'Continue ye in my love:' 'That the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them' (John xvi. 27; xv. 9; xvii. 26). 2. *We love one another.* 'A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.' 'These things I command you, that ye love one another' (John xiii. 34, 35; xv. 12, 17). John insists upon the same brotherly love, and declares it to be a test of our love to God. He, moreover, calls it a 'commandment,' and 'a new commandment' (1 John ii. 8, 10; iii. 11, 23; iv. 21). About the necessity of brotherly love we need not multiply quotations from John; but the *test* is described in such passages as these: 'He that loveth not his brother abideth in

death : ' He that loveth not, knoweth not God : ' ' If we love one another, God dwelleth in us : ' ' He that loveth not his brother, how can he love God ? ' ' We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. ' Again ; the expression of Jesus Christ, that we ought to love one another *as* he has loved us, even to death (John xv. 12—14), is paraphrased by John in this epistle (chap. iii. 16—18).

3. Another fruit of love is *keeping the commandments of God*. The Saviour said, ' If ye love me, keep my commandments : ' ' He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me : ' ' If a man love me, he will keep my words : ' ' And the word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's which sent me : ' ' If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love, even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love. ' Almost in the same words John wrote, ' Hereby we do know that we know him, if we keep his commandments : he that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him ; but whoso keepeth his word, in him verily is the love of God perfected : ' ' He that keepeth his commandments dwelleth in him and he in him, ' &c.

Here John wished to guard his readers against the errors of pseudo-philosophers, such as the Cerinthians and Nicolaitanes, especially the latter, who taught that there was no need for believers to keep the law of God. He was urgent on this important point, and took care to explain his meaning most fully on the subject of practical righteousness. The third chapter, from verse 3 to 19, is occupied with this matter ; in which he distinctly avers that the love of God saves from sin, and that he who sins does not know God. The same is repeated in chap. v. 17—19. It is also inculcated in the figure of 'light,' in which believers 'walk' (chap. i. 6—9). The distinction between the spirit of the world and the love of God is unfolded in chap. iii. 15—17. And the victory obtained over the world by believers is declared in chap. v. 1—5. Every kind of Antinomianism is thus rebuked by the teaching of the apostle, whose object was to inculcate a *holy love*.

4. Other fruits of love are joy in God, communion with him, prevailing prayer, and the assurance of eternal life. It is not necessary to quote passages on these subjects, either from Christ's solemn discourse or from the repetition of it by John in this 'First Epistle,' for they are familiar to every thoughtful reader of the Scriptures. But it will be seen that every topic of importance then adduced by Christ, except the subject of his own departure from the world, has been exhibited anew by John in this pastoral address. Its contents, most of which we have

grouped together under the above heads, will show the design of the writer in issuing this treatise. He wished to show that true religion consists in love—love coming from God through Christ, and infused into the believer's soul by the Holy Ghost—a love which purifies the heart, prompts and enables it to keep the commandments of God, moves it to the love of our neighbour, keeps it from committing sin and from unrighteousness, and saves it from loving the world. This love unites the soul with God and all good men, enjoys communion or fellowship with them, dwells in God, trusts him, entertains a holy confidence that its proper requests will be granted, and is a pledge of eternal life in glory.

How noble this theme, this Gospel of love! As John received it from the Lord, on whose loving bosom he lay, so he preached it to the world, and wrote about it to the churches. But as Christ had prophesied that, through the abounding of iniquity, the love of many would wax cold, so, in Revelation, he warned the Ephesians that they were declining, and might become like the Laodiceans, who were already lukewarm. John believed that this coldness proceeded partly in consequence of false teaching, and partly through a love of the world. For, since no man can receive the love of God except through the truth, in God's own way, by faith in Jesus Christ, so, the rejection of the Son of God in his proper nature and character, must prove an insurmountable hindrance to the conversion of a soul. Again, since the love of the world, in any of its usual forms—the desire of the flesh, the desire of the eye, and the pride of life—is opposed to the love of the Father, it must banish godliness out of any heart in which it is cherished. John, therefore, warns the faithful against this double evil, erroneous doctrine and sinful practice, as being subversive of true Christianity. He uses no gentle words of reprobation when he denounces false teachers as 'liars' and 'antichrist.' They were subverting the Gospel in all its essential principles, and making the cross of Christ of none effect. It is a pure, holy, and happy love, which comes down from the family above, which would unite men in a righteous brotherhood on earth, and prepare them for the great family of heaven.

The Second Epistle was evidently written about the same time as the first, perhaps sent along with it, to an 'elect lady,' or 'the lady Electa' (as some think), a member of one of the Ephesian churches. For John's heart was full of the subject of love, and intensely set against the Gnostic heresies. Excepting the salutation and ending, this letter contains nothing but what is found in the pastoral address. It is surprising how much of truth and warning are here condensed into a few lines: God the Father

as the source of grace, mercy, and peace, which come to us through the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the Son of the Father, but also 'came in the flesh;' this love and truth dwelling in believers, and manifested in their walk of life; loving one another; happy communion; abstaining from transgression; looking for a full reward; guarding against deceivers, and keeping aloof from false teachers. All these precepts are announced in nine short verses. As the substance of this epistle is the same as that of the first, so the phraseology and diction are similar, at once pointing out John as the undoubted author.

The Third Epistle may not have been written at the same period, or to a person in the same church. It is addressed to one Gaius, or Caius: this was a very common name; so that there are three persons of this nomenclature mentioned as known to St. Paul, two of them being companions in some of his travels. One lived in Corinth (1 Cor. i. 14); another was a Macedonian, who was with Paul in Ephesus (Acts xix. 29); another belonged to Derbe (Acts xx. 4). The first of these was Paul's 'host, and of the whole Church' (Rom. xvi. 23); and it will be observed that the Gaius addressed by John is lauded for the same hospitality (verses 5, 6). This would seem to indicate that Gaius of Corinth is the individual whom John addresses. But as the apostle also says, 'I wrote unto the church,' and threatens to come and put down Diotrephes, who was an unruly officer amongst them, he may have addressed Gaius in Ephesus, after sending thither his pastoral address. The sentiments contained in verses 3, 4, 11, 13, 14, resemble those of the 'Second Epistle,' some of the words being identical. It is a simple letter of encouragement to Gaius to continue in the truth, in love, and in good works, especially in hospitality to homeless brethren, in which last matter he seems to have been opposed by the overbearing Diotrephes. The epistle is, like the others, full of 'love.'

There is nothing laboured in the style of John's epistles. He uses no consecutive reasoning or argument. He lays down the truth with apostolic authority, after the manner of his Divine Master. He employs no beauties of language, no imagery or figurative illustrations. There is scarcely a figurative word to be found, except 'walking in light' or 'darkness,' which he borrowed from Christ. The diction is plain and simple, the sentences short, unencumbered, and uninvolved. Almost all his expressions are to be found in one or other of Christ's discourses: there is scarcely a word or sentiment which may be called his own, unless in the way of paraphrase. His style is not only simple, but homely in the extreme. He was a fisherman of Galilee, quite unlettered, and speaking his own language in a

rude manner. The Galilean dialect was despised by the Scribes of Jerusalem, and it is distinctly affirmed that when Peter and John were speaking before the council 'they perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men' (Acts iv. 13). John would, therefore, know nothing of Greek until he was taught to speak it on the day of Pentecost, and he would then speak it just as he spoke his own mother tongue, in an 'unlearned and ignorant' way. The Holy Spirit did not change the mental faculties of those whom he inspired; but each prophet had his own style of language, according to the capacity and culture of his mind. John's style would be thought meanly of by an Attic scholar, who looked at it only in a literary point of view.

But though deficient in grammatical elegance and oratorical display, John's style of composition has excellences of its own. The simple force of his language is truly sublime. He expresses in two or three words a breadth and depth of sentiment which is astonishing. In this respect he surpasses the highest flights of Pauline eloquence. Let us take two or three examples from the 'learned' and the 'unlearned' apostles, and see how the Holy Ghost can teach the latter to speak or write! Paul closes an eloquent address in these impassioned words, 'I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord' (Rom. viii. 38, 39). John simply says, 'He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him;' a sentiment fraught with more intense meaning than the eloquent peroration of Paul, and truly sublime in the grandeur of the thought. Paul concludes an animated exhortation to look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able to subdue all things to himself' (Phil. iii. 21, 22). (See also 1 Thessalonians iv. 13—18.) John includes more than either of these paragraphs in his simple declaration, 'When he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.' Paul uses a lengthened argument to prove to the Galatians the superior privileges of a Christian above those of a mere Jew, especially in our adoption or sonship. John embraces the whole (without an argument) in this simple but grand assertion, 'Now are we the children of God.'

It is this condensed, emphatic, plain language of John, which has enabled him to embrace so much truth in the small compass of these three epistles. Besides, to express truth of the very highest character, seems to require this naked simplicity of

diction. No apostle expresses the Divine mind regarding man more fully than St. John. It is only when Paul lays aside his imagery that he equals the 'unlearned' Galilean in speaking of God: as when he says, 'God is rich in mercy;' 'is rich unto all that call upon him;' 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee;' 'faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it;' &c., &c. So also with James. Anyone who wishes to understand the love of God and the full privileges of a believer will study them attentively in John's pastoral address.

Our Saviour declared the love of God and of our neighbour to be the two greatest commandments, and to contain the essence of all the rest. John took up this theme, explained and enforced it; showing the origin, means, and end of love. These epistles should be carefully read in the present day. Their heartfelt reception would produce a much higher state of religious experience than is found in most Christian churches. It would elevate the tone of our piety and righteousness, fill us with heavenly zeal, and hasten the happier day, when 'the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth,' and 'the tabernacle of God shall be with men, and he will dwell with them; and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God.'

VI.

SHIFTING SCENES. BY STANYAN BIGG.*

THERE are some very beautiful and even effective verses in this volume, and those who are acquainted with the previous volumes of Mr. Bigg will not be surprised that we introduce to their notice a volume we have desired to introduce to their notice before. Mr. Bigg is a poet. He is one of that class we desire to see increase in numbers; not dependent, we understand, upon the broken reed of literature for support, but amidst the quiet avocations of a country town at a very considerable distance from the metropolis, following the duties of everyday life, and turning aside to the enchantments of the enchantress Poetry, without permitting the syren to deceive and delude, as she has done so many. We always turn over the pages of his volumes with

* *Shifting Scenes, and other Poems.* By J. STANYAN BIGG, Author of 'Night and the Soul,' &c. London: William Freeman, Fleet Street.

pleasure, and mark many passages for re-perusal when we can find the opportunity, to friends to whom such verses are likely to have a charm. They are full of social tenderness, and have many hints of that fruitful theme to poets, the desolation of parent's hearts in the loss of children. Here is a sweet little string of verselets :—

' ONLY A LITTLE HOUSE.

- ' ONLY a little house—
A house by the side of a hill—
With dances of sunshine gleaming about
Through tossing branches in and out,
And the sound of a little rill.
That, through the tiny garden-plot,
All day long and all night through,
Murmurs music ever new,—
“ I am happy—and you ?
Why not ? ”*
- ' Only a little house,
But a house brimful of life,—
Busy husband, and happy wife,
Prattle of babies three :
Singing of birds, and humming of bees ;
Shadow and sunshine on the trees ;
Glancing needles, eager talk ;
Books, and pens, and evening walk
Through the meadows down below ;—
Thus the summer days go by,
And we look on, and only sigh—
We sigh, but do not know.*
- ' Only a little house,
But a house heart-full of bliss,—
Plenty of work, and plenty of play ;
Busy heart and brain all day :
And then, ere the good-night kiss
The lingering shadow of wordly care,
Wafted off by the evening prayer ;
And silence falls on the little house,
Save for the whirl of the midnight mouse,
Here, and there, and everywhere ;
And through the tiny garden-plot,
The voice of the rill, which, all night through,
Murmurs its music ever new,—
“ I am happy—and you ?
Why not ? ”*
- ' Happy ! O little house !
House by the side of the hill,
Who can say what an hour may bring ?
Who would think that the song we sing
Is the music of coming ill ?
Little it boots to live and learn
Lessons harsh and lessons stern ;*

Rather turn to the merry notes
Of the voice that ever floats
Through the flowery garden-plot,
All day long and all night through,
With its burden ever new,—
“I am happy—and you?
Why not?”

‘Only a little house—
But a house all still and cold,—
Gone the voice of the happy child;
Gone the smile of the matron mild;
Gone the summer gold
That fell on the gables one by one;
Gone the human toil and care;
The daily task, the evening prayer;
Father, and mother, and babes—all gone!
And, through the roof, I hear the rain
Dripping on the desolate floor,
And hear the creaking of a door
No human hand shall shut again,
And hear a murmur harsh go by
Through the tangled garden-plot,
Where the ragged palings rot,—
“I am wretched, I know not why;
Would you live, or would you die?”’

‘The Two Graves’ is even yet more tender, and speaks of another kind of grief, but belonging to the same traces of the black darkness:—

‘THE TWO GRAVES.

In the lonely twilight,
In the dewy twilight,
Lie they softly by each other,
Hearing not,
Fearing not—
My sister and my mother!
And amid the lonely twilight,
Twilight hushed and dim,
Stand I dreaming of a summer
And a brooklet’s dimpled brim;
And I hear a silver laughter
Rippling up the sultry air,
And I see a blithe form dancing
In a dusk of darkling air,
And I feel the cool leaves flout me,
And a storm of flowers about me,
Flung forth by that tiny hand;—
Well I know that little dancer
On the narrow marge of sand,
And those dimples, and that laughter
And that tiny faëry hand,
And I murmur out “My sister—
O my sister!” where I stand;—

But no answer from the twilight,
From the dusk and dewy twilight,
Save the moan of far-off waves,—
Nothing but a mourner listening,
By two green and grassy graves!

In the lonely twilight,
In the dewy twilight,
Lie they softly by each other,
Hearing not,
Fearing not—
My sister and my mother!
And amid the sobbing twilight,
Twilight wet and blear,
Stand I dreaming of a winter—
Winter icy-stark and drear;
And I lie amid the shadows
Of a pallid, noiseless room,
And I see my younger brothers
Streaming stormy through the gloom,
And wild eyes are gleaming on me
In a lurid thunder-race,
And the wind amid the curtains
Dashes horrors in my face,—
Goblin-features dimly seen,
Faces seamed, and gaunt, and lean,
Flickering in a ghastly sheen
In fever, round my head;
When, behold! a gliding footstep
Rustles softly towards my bed,
And I feel the milky coolness
Of a white and loving hand;—
Well I know that gliding footstep,
And that influence dewy-bland,
And that shower of balmy kisses,
And the pressure of that hand!
And I stammer out "My mother—
O my mother!" where I stand;—
But no answer from the twilight,
From the wet and sobbing twilight,
Save the plash of distant waves,—
Nothing but a mourner weeping
By two green and silent graves,
Nothing but a single mourner
And two green and silent graves!

But Mr. Bigg has more ambitions than seem to play in verses so pathetic and sweet as these. 'Urban the Monk' is an illustration of our author's reading and general information, and the subject might have well taken from him more care and time, more elaboration and intention. He could well have made such a subject a reservoir for much thought, fancy, and reading, and genuine poetic development. As a whole, it is a failure; but it illustrates how full is our author's mind of beauty and reflection. We quote from it—

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE TEMPLE OF THE GRAIL.

‘ But chief he loved the mystic story
 Of saintly knights with faces pale,
 Who spurned the earth and earthly glory,
 And went in quest of Holy Grail.
 He followed them on by land and flood—
 Sir Parzival—brave and holy knight—
 And bold Sir Galahad—the good ;
 He heard them clanging through the night,
 Over the pavements, still and white,
 Their studded bridles jingling light,
 Flashing amid the soft moonlight,
 And saw them skim along the wood—
 Up alleys of moonbeams, trembling pale—
 Past church, and city, and lordly tower,
 And valley, and swamp, and lady’s bower,
 All in the hush of the midnight hour,
 In quest of Holy Grail !

‘ Titurel’s temple o’er him rose,
 Blushing with gems, and gorgeous glows
 Of golden domes, and twinkling spires ;
 Roses of rubies, and pale fires ;
 Of clustered diamonds shook about
 The wondrous fabric in and out ;
 And in the central sanctuary,
 On a thick slab of porphyry,
 Wrapped in white samite, stood the Grail,
 Outshimmering like a cloudy moon ;
 And o’er it swelled a mimic noon
 Of topaz, and of jasper bright,
 Hung in the sapphire ceiling light ;
 Outside, the dome bulged up red gold,
 With blue enamel fretted o’er ;
 And banners, with unruffled fold,
 Hung silken out at every door ;
 And round about the Holy Grail
 Rose two-and-seventy chapels, pale
 With gold and diamonds ; every two
 Shot up a tower into the blue
 Like sudden flame ; and over those
 Shook crystal crosses in the light,
 Clutched from above within the claws
 Of gold-spread eagles, day and night ;
 And o’er the central dome there rose
 A huge carbuncle, with red glows
 And sullen splendour, like a sun
 Lighting the cypress-forest dun,
 That round about the temple stood,
 Filling its shadowy heart with blood :—
 And none might tread that mystic hight
 Of hushed Montsalvage, save the knight
 Chosen of Him of holy-rood !

We must now close our brief notice of an author who is a genuine poet, and deserving of every respectful reading and attention.